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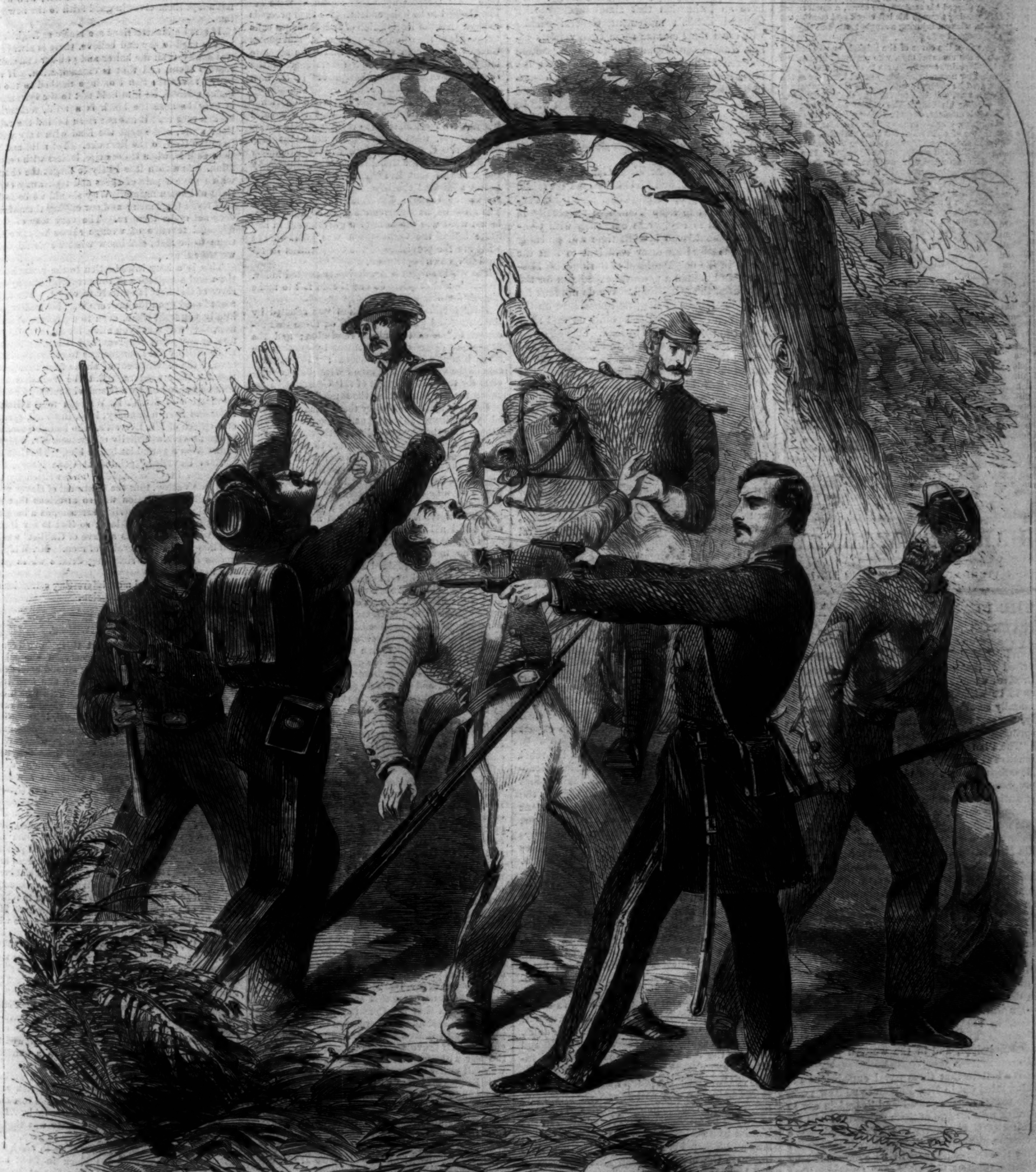


GALLANT EXPLOIT OF CAPTAIN STRONG, OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.—[See next Page.]

CAPTAIN STRONG'S ADVENTURE.

THE scene depicted in the spirited illustration on the preceding page is described in the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *September* 10, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I herewith forward you an excellent photograph of Captain William E. Strong, Company F (Belle City Rifles), Second Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, taken by Mr. John Golden, Whitehurst's Gallery, this city.

While on duty extending our line of pickets, three miles northwest of Chain Bridge, on Friday last, Captain Strong was taken prisoner. As he neared the river he left three men while, according to the orders of Major Larrubee, he reconnoitred, preparatory to assigning them positions. Having proceeded about a quarter of a mile without discovering the slightest trace of the enemy, he returned by a slightly different route to avoid the rough road he had passed over, when he suddenly was surrounded by six rebel pickets—two cavalry and four infantry. The Captain surrendered; and while they marched him about twenty rods, amused themselves by applying the choicest epithets, and promising themselves the pleasure of a hanging bee. The Captain wondered they did not disarm him, but still did not see any way of escape until one of them, noticing his splendid pair of revolvers, said they would relieve him of them. "Certainly, gentlemen," said the Captain, drawing them from his belt behind him, and cocking them silently; "here they are!" As he said the words he fired each, and two men fell dead at his feet, while he wheeled and secured cover in some thick bushes, eluding the immediate pursuit of all except two bullets, one of which pierced his canteen, the other, a small round pistol ball, passing through his left cheek and coming out of his mouth, without injuring a single tooth, but slightly cutting his tongue!

Emerging from the cover of the thicket, he was headed off by one of the mounted men, who presented his carbine close to the Captain's breast. Here the young man's presence of mind (or natural shrinking) saved him; for as the horseman fired he suddenly wheeled, the charge penetrating his coat, vest, and shirt (discoloring the buttons), and slightly grazing his body. The rider's horse bounding forward at this moment, Captain Strong returned the compliment, putting a bullet in the rebel's shoulder, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall from his horse, one foot remaining in the stirrup, his head striking the ground and stumps every time the affrighted horse jumped. In a moment more he was met by some of the picket, who heard the firing, completely exhausted from the uneven contest and the loss of blood from his wound.

I have learned the following particulars of Captain Strong. He was born [illegible] Granville, New York, and was but twenty years of age on the 10th day of last August. For many years he has resided at Racine, Wisconsin, where his father died about four weeks since. Two years since he was spending a few days at Andover with his uncle before entering the Cambridge Law School. Here, while walking a rope at the gymnasium, he fell, breaking all his ribs on the left side, and his right arm near the wrist. From this he has never fully recovered. Without entering at Cambridge he returned to Racine as soon as able, prosecuting his law studies in the office of Messrs. Strong & Fuller, and on the memorable 16th of April was admitted to the bar of Racine County. On the 17th, hearing of the fall of Sumter, he opened an enlisting-office, and on the same day his company—the "Belle City Rifles"—was full. At Bull Run he fought bravely, and narrowly escaped from being killed, one ball carrying off his cap, another cutting his sword-belt; and though remaining at the head of his men until the retreat, from exposure, mortification, and pain from his old internal injuries, he had to be carried from the field more dead than alive.

Captain Strong is reckoned one of the best shots in the West—as the records of the "Chicago Audubon Club" will show, and as many of his regiment who saw him shoot while in camp at Madison will attest—for they say he carefully laid his double-barreled gun on the ground about ten paces in front of him, threw two pigeons up in the air, turned a "hand-spring," seized his piece, and brought down *both* birds!

I can not close this narrative without paying a tribute due to the virtue of temperance. Like our lamented Ellsworth, Captain Strong never drinks intoxicating liquors.

Truly yours, S. WHITELEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WE believe we may say that the Plan of the autumn and winter campaign has been determined, and that the leading generals are apprised of the parts they are to play in it. It involves operations of so extensive a character as to be without parallel in history, and to be morally certain of effecting their object—namely, the suppression of the rebellion before next spring.

The Plan presumes that the rebels will remain inactive at their present posts. Should General Beauregard attack Washington, a change in the programme might be the result, as it is confidently anticipated that he would meet with an overwhelming defeat, which would probably precipitate matters. Again, should General Johnston undertake an aggressive movement against Cairo, the Mississippi expedition might proceed to work more speedily than is now intended. It is not believed, however, that either of these contingencies will occur. At Washington as at Cairo, an attacking force would fight at such enormous disadvantage that it is not supposed the experienced leaders of the rebel army would wantonly run the risk of a forward movement.

Assuming, then, that the rebels pursue the wisest course, and wait to be attacked in their intrenchments, we have reason to believe that, in the first or second week of October, the campaign will be simultaneously commenced on the coast, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, at Manassas, at Harper's Ferry, in Kentucky, on the Mississippi, and in the western portion of Missouri.

We believe that three naval expeditions are being fitted out in New England and New York. The camps at Hempstead and Scarsdale are to furnish men for two of them; the third will recruit 10,000 volunteers in New England. We presume we shall not be far wrong if we predict that these expeditions will be commanded by Generals Butler, Burnside, and Lander. Two of them will probably operate on different points of the Southern coast, with a view of distracting the attention of the enemy from the line of the Potomac: one, for instance, may effect a landing at or near Port Royal, South Carolina, while the other, reinforced by the garrison of Fort Pickens, may reopen the excellent harbor of Pensacola to the commerce of the world. It is likely that the third, which will consist of at least 10,000 men, and will be commanded by General Burnside, will operate in the Chesapeake, landing so as, on one side, to flank the rebel army on the Potomac; and, on the other, to take Norfolk in the rear, in case the rebels should fall back from Manassas. All of these expeditions will be provided with ample artillery, and the landings will be effected under cover of heavy naval batteries. Ships, steamers, gun-boats, and launches are, we believe, being actively prepared for this service.

Simultaneously with the departure of these expeditions, we look for a forward movement on the part of General Banks. A glance at the map will show how General M'Clellan will co-operate with him. If the enemy resist him in force, M'Clellan will naturally attack Manassas at once. If he moves on without opposition, the attack will be deferred until he is in a position to take part in it by flanking the enemy. We have an intimation that simultaneously with General Banks's movement, General Sickles will cross the Potomac some twenty miles below Washington, with a view to gain a position between Manassas and Richmond. These details, however, are of course as yet undetermined; and the intimation is merely a shrewd guess. The main point—that Manassas will be threatened on three sides simultaneously, while a column under General Burnside advances to cut off the retreat of the enemy—may be regarded as pretty certain.

Meanwhile, further West, General Anderson may be expected, by 10th October, to have raised such an army of Kentuckians and East Tennesseeans as to keep Tennessee effectually in check, and to co-operate efficiently with General Frémont, who by that time will probably have mustered an army sufficient to beat the rebels in the neighborhood of Springfield, Missouri, and to man a powerful expedition for the descent of the Mississippi. We do not look for naval operations of the first importance on the Mississippi. The fortified points on that river will naturally be assailed by land. *Corps d'armée* will converge upon them from either shore, and reduce them as Hatteras was reduced, or, when the thing is practicable, with the bayonet. The gun-boats will be useful as auxiliaries, and the river will prove valuable for the transportation of supplies. But the fighting in the West will be done on land. If the campaign in that region is to keep pace with that in the East, the rebel forces under Price, or M'Culloch, or whoever has succeeded them, which are now in possession of Springfield, Missouri, and the vicinity, must be defeated and driven into Arkansas, or scattered altogether, before October 15. Whether this can be achieved depends upon considerations which are only known to Major-General Frémont.

Thus, if our information be correct, the battle will have begun along the whole line, from the Atlantic to Kansas, by the middle of October, and at least two points on the coast will be either in possession of or under bombardment by our forces. It is believed that the whole force employed will be not less than 350,000 men, exclusive of reserves and of home guards in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri; so that at every point attacked we shall probably outnumber the enemy. Our armies will be well supplied, well provisioned, well drilled, well equipped, and well commanded. Under such circumstances, it is not extravagant to expect success.

It is not reasonable to believe that the rebel troops from the Gulf States will remain patiently under arms in Virginia, while their homes are being assailed by expeditions from the North. Nor is it probable that troops deficient in equipment, clothing, shoes, arms, medicines, and supplies of all kinds—as the rebel troops are—will contend on equal terms with a force provided with these necessaries in profusion. Lastly, as it was proved at Bull Run, that wherever Northerners and Southerners met in a fair field, the former were the better men, it is not likely that an inferior Southern force will any where stand against a superior Northern force.

We therefore say that the Plan of the campaign renders success morally certain; for it must be remembered we are not fighting to subjugate the South, to abolish Slavery, or to conquer territory. Our object is merely to defeat and disperse the rebel armies which are now overrunning the Southern States. This done, our work is achieved. Wherever we defeat and disperse the rebel armies the people will be invited to exercise their privilege of electing members of Congress; the postal facilities will be restored to them; they will be protected from further spoliation by the rebel banditti, and restored to all the privileges of sovereign citizens of the United States. The recent elections in Maryland and Kentucky, and the late demonstrations in North Carolina, show how gladly the change will be welcomed. There will not be a Southern State in which a rebel ticket will stand any chance at the polls after Jeff Davis's armies are defeated in the field.

THE LOUNGER.

BLIND GUIDES.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his message of the 29th April, says, that by the treaty with Great Britain after the Revolution "the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." The famous ninth resolution of the New York Democratic Convention echoes the statement by way of aiding and comforting the eminent traitor. "In the treaty of peace which the States conquered from Great Britain, the independence, not of the nation, but of each separate State was acknowledged." In like manner, a newspaper which supports that resolution as good patriotic doctrine undertakes to rap the *Evening Post* over the knuckles for saying that the Constitution was not adopted by the States but by the people of the United States. The *Evening Post* is quite able to fight its own battles, but the question involved is interesting to all of us.

Mr. Everett and Mr. Motley, among the later authorities upon this subject, are quite sufficient to satisfy the most persistent skeptic.

The first justly remarks that the States were enumerated in the treaty for convenience; to designate what colonies upon this continent were acknowledged to be independent. He then proceeds to show that the Declaration of Independence calls the people of the colonies "one people," and quotes Charles Cotesworth Pinckney that "the separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of" by the men who made the Declaration.

But even conceding to Mr. Davis and his friends of the Democratic Convention that the several States were recognized as so many separate sovereign powers, what then? How does that help secession? Granting that they were absolutely sovereign when the Constitution was adopted, by the terms of that instrument the people of the States abdicated the sovereignty of the State so far as the General Government was concerned. The question, as Mr. Everett most cogently says, is not what was the form of a government in any State before the Constitution was adopted, but what are the provisions of the Constitution in regard to its own supremacy.

The whole subject is so admirably treated in Mr. Everett's address that no one should fail to make himself familiar with it.

But "the Federal Constitution was adopted by the States and was binding only on those that accepted it," says the ninth resolution; and the newspaper defends the statement by quoting the seventh article of the instrument: "The ratification of the Convention of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States ratifying the same."

But it is matter of history that it was not adopted by the States, as such, but by the people of the States, who thereby subordinated the States to the General Government. Moreover, to destroy the State theory completely, the Constitution was not binding upon the people of any one State, however unanimous the ratification, until the consent of the people of nine had been obtained. That constituted a sufficient majority of the people of all the States to warrant the organization and operation of the national Government.

"It appears," Mr. Everett says of the Constitution, "not to have been entered into by the States, but to have been ordained and established by the people of the United States, for themselves and posterity. The States are not named in it, nearly all the characteristic powers of sovereignty are expressly granted to the General Government, and expressly prohibited to the States," etc., etc.

Mr. Motley still more pointedly declares: "The Constitution was not drawn up by the States: it was not promulgated in the name of the States: it was not ratified by the States. The States never acceded to it, and possess no power to secede from it. It was ordained and established over the States by a power superior to the States—by the people of the whole land in their aggregate capacity, acting through conventions of delegates expressly chosen for the purpose within each State, independently of the State Governments, after the project had been framed."

The point is, that the Constitution of the United States was framed by a Convention of the people from all the States: it was submitted to the vote of the people of all the States: and it was declared operative only when the people of nine States had accepted it. But when they had accepted it, it was not a compact between them as States, like the old Confederation—it was a supreme Government, which ignored States, and acted directly upon the people. The expression "between the States" is interpreted by the words of the instrument itself. It does not and can not express a dissoluble compact. It expresses that the people living in so many States have established a supreme law, and when you explore the terms of that law, you find that the States have and can have, *as States*, no power over it whatsoever.

The object of Mr. Davis, of the ninth resolution, and of the newspapers that support it, is to inculcate the idea that the Constitution is a compact between States, and not a supreme law of the people living in different States, and to be modified only as itself provides. This is the question which the war will forever settle. When that is over, we shall either be a nation or something less than a nation. The latter will be our fate if Jefferson Davis and the ninth resolution carry the day.

"HAPPY AS A SLAVE OF GALLIFET."

Two or three weeks ago we were speaking of slave insurrections as one of the natural "Consequences" of the rebellion of the masters, and alluded to the proverb "Happy as a slave of Gallifet," which occurs in the history of the San Domingo revolt, and is generally used to show that, while slavery may smother for a time the outbreak of the manhood it degrades, yet, when the pressure is removed, the revenge of that degradation is frightful.

This, indeed, furnishes one of the most hopeless and heart-sickening arguments to those who insist that slavery is irremediable. "If you free them they will rise and cut every body's throat; look at San Domingo!" Yes; but why not look at Jamaica? In San Domingo it was the effort to enslave those already freed which occasioned the outbreak. In Jamaica, where eight hundred thousand were freed, the result was effected more peacefully than that of a ward election in New York; as tranquilly, in fact, as an act of worship, which indeed to most of them it was. For the African blood is not fierce. It is a mild, patient race, although like all men they may be stung to vengeance.

But is it I who am guilty when I strike the hand that would sell my child or dishonor my wife? The difficulty in emancipation was never yet the slave, but always the master. You may say that Jamaica does not grow so much cotton as she did with slavery. But if that mere fact were any argument, which of course it is not, you may set it off with the other fact that Barbadoes grows twice as much sugar without slavery. In Jamaica it was not the slaves, but the masters, who would not adapt themselves in good faith to the new system.

If servile insurrections are really so frightful as we are used to say and believe, there is always an easier way than the halter and powder and shot to repress them, and that is emancipation. If any body prefers the San Domingo method to the Jamaica method, let him hold fast to the system. It is only because the black is a mild, forbearing, broken race that it has not risen behind the rebellious army, and swept the land with fiery wrath from the Gulf to the Roanoke. Yet mild and patient as it is, when it does rise, it rises with desperation. And then it is likely to forget the charity which gave a pair of shoes and took away every right of human nature. Why should we be fools? God made them men; and our calling them things does *not* make them so. The very fear of their frightful revenge of wrongs shows that we feel them to be men, and know what we would do if we were they.

This is a long introduction to the remark that the usual acceptation of the proverb "Happy as a slave of Gallifet" is entirely incorrect. The argument based upon the proverb is, "No matter how kindly you treat them, even to a proverb of kindness, they will roast you alive, for all that. Therefore, at any price, suppress their rising." The use made of it by the Lounger was to refute the inference of the contentment of slaves from their affection for their masters. But the truth has been pointed out to him by a friend who refers to a communication of Mr. C. K. Whipple to the Boston *Atlas and Bee*, in January, 1860, in which, *apropos* of a speech of Mr. Everett's, who had also referred to the proverb as usually understood, Mr. Whipple shows from a pamphlet before him, "The Colonial System Unveiled," printed at Cape Henry, San Domingo, in October, 1814, and written by the Baron de Vastey, that the treatment of slaves upon the Gallifet plantation was so atrocious that the proverb was only a terrible sarcasm, as a hanging halter is called a necklace; so that to say that a man was "as happy as a slave of Gallifet" was to call him the most miserable of men. Mr. Whipple quotes some of the sickening details which gave rise to the saying.

It is a curious and most interesting correction of a very serious misapprehension.

LOUNGING ELSEWHERE.

DURING the last fortnight there have been a great many loungers at Syracuse, if one might judge from the crowds hanging around hotel doors and swarming through the street, and especially if he looked into that handsome hall, which has seldom been so thronged with such eager and earnest people. At one moment, indeed, it seemed as if one lounger from Albany might hang out of the window. For in a Union Patriotic Convention, while the crowd was humming and the Albany person was trying to speak, some one quietly said: "This Mr. Murphy spoke a fortnight ago at a 'peace' meeting in my neighborhood, and tried to raise a white flag."

That was an extremely doubtful moment for Mr. Murphy. The Convention rose tumultuously, like an angry man. Mr. Murphy stepped from the floor upon a seat, while the excited crowd pressed upon him. The President in vain hammered and hammered. He came to the front of the platform, and raised both hands imploringly and menacingly. But so King Canute ordered the sea to retire. The sea of people rose around Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy, after shaking his finger at the one who had mentioned the white flag, as if he were giving him the lie, stood quietly up, occasionally bending to try to make somebody hear. For full five moments there was wild confusion. But it was clear enough that no harm would befall the man. The Convention was not composed of the kind that make riots or delight in them; and after the President—one of the best possible presiding officers—had skillfully suggested that he had heard no motion that the gentleman should not be allowed to speak, such a motion *was* heard from a hundred lips, and the gentleman had leave to retire.

There was another gentleman who had walked straight out of Dickens. Whatever motion was made or resolution offered, this gentleman rose and gravely moved that it lie upon the table. His idea of a deliberative body evidently was that it was a body which laid things away to keep. He was incessantly running with a stone to block the wheels, but he dropped his block in front and stopped all progress. The Convention at length grew tired of his layings upon the table. But his courage and tenacity were equal to the task, and he would move that it lie upon the table.

There had been a Committee sent out. Another of two delegates was dispatched to find them. Suddenly an inspired member moved that our friend of the table should be sent for the two. It was a vote. He went and sought them in vain, and the Convention had peace. Suddenly he returned. At the first opening he rose and shouted "Mr. President." The President and the Convention heard, and sighed within. He stated that the Committee asked leave to report that it had been unable to discharge its duty, and asked to be relieved from further service. He sat gravely down, and another member jumped up and moved that the Committee be discharged with the thanks of the Convention: when from quite another part of the hall came a clear voice. "I move you, Sir, that the motion lie upon the table." There was a chorus of laughter, and the motion was put and unanimously carried. After which there were no more motions to lie upon the table.

There was a Lounger in the gallery who remembered that Emerson used to call Mrs. Abby Folsom "the flea of Conventions," and he could not help smiling to see that all Conventions might be troubled with fleas.

THE EVENT OF THE HOUR.

There is general expectation of a battle upon the Potomac. Before this paper is printed it may have taken place. It is even said that on Saturday last several persons went from New York to see the fighting. If it be so, let us hope that they each took a rifle, and meant to see the fight from the ranks and not from the rear.

If there be a battle, has every man considered the effect of its result? We shall beat, or we shall be beaten. In July we did not put the case so. In July we were to beat, and we had Bull Run. At this time, if there be an engagement all along the line of the Potomac, it will be the greatest of the war. The rebels, at least, are not likely to assemble so strong an army again. Suppose we fight, and that they are beaten.

In that case they will doubtless withdraw from Virginia, and the campaign will close by the advance of our lines and the occupation of the foolish State that permitted itself to be made the battle-field. Meanwhile naval expeditions will have given us the command of a long reach of coast. The occupation of Virginia will strengthen and secure Kentucky, and Frémont's task in Missouri will be easier. With our advance the tone of England, which loves success, will be modified. The rebels will feel pinched by a thousand discomfitures: and they will cast up the year's accounts, and try in vain to find a balance in their favor.

But suppose we fight and that *we* are beaten. Are we likely to give it up? Is a strong Southern party likely to be developed at the North? Will England and France at once recognize the rebel Government?

For France and England none of us can speak very confidently; but we may assume that we know something of ourselves. And, far from giving it up, disastrous as the defeat may be, we shall rather nerve ourselves for the remaining struggle. We are by no means aroused as we can be. We are not yet as grimly in earnest as we shall be if defeated. Unquestionably we believe that we shall finally conquer; but every man does not yet feel that the time has come for him to go. If we are beaten upon the Potomac every man will feel that the time *has* come; he will see that this Government is gone unless he and all his friends hasten to its rescue. He will agree that self-defense knows no law, and that every weapon that can harm the foe must be hurled at him. We shall have no more squeamishness about the military necessity of emancipation, nor will the people suffer their Government to protect any farther the system from which treason springs, and has always sprung in this country. Nor will the responsibility rest upon us. The rebels have seized the sword; they can not complain if they fall by it.

As for the strong rebel party among ourselves, it is less likely to be developed by our defeat than by our success. A defeated man or body is dangerous, but success makes us good-natured. If Mr. Ben Wood had not suspended his paper, he would have been in a hundred-fold greater personal danger after a defeat upon the Potomac. People are not in a humor to be told that they are fools and in the wrong when their kindred are lying dead upon the field. Maryland, of course, would try to rise. Baltimore would wrestle with Fort M'Henry. But the line of Pennsylvania would be a line of flame, and New York would move as a giant to the rescue.

If not, if this surmise is wrong, then we ought not to risk another battle. If we are so light of faith in our cause and ultimate victory that, with all our conditions and advantages known to us, we are willing to put our Government, and constitutional liberty, and civilization to the test of a single battle only, we are poltroons and murderers, and the sooner we shout aloud the surrender that is in our hearts the clearer will be our consciences hereafter.

THIEVES UPON "TREACHERY."

Brigand-General Floyd and his friends began their exploits, as history relates, and will relate forever, by stealing. They stole guns, money, forts, arsenals, navy-yards, hospitals, ships, mints, postage-stamps; whatever, in fine, they could lay their hands on, they stole. But if the Government, the rightful owner of the property, proceeded to take it or to try to take it, without informing the thieves, how, when, and where the effort was to be made, those virtuous gentlemen made the welkin ring with their cries of *Treachery! treachery!*

If the upright Floyd, in the intervals of pilfering, could find time to recreate his mind with light reading, we should recommend to his attention that pleasant passage of Gil Blas, in which the Brigand-General Rolando tells his experience of treacherous interference.

"Meanwhile I committed all kinds of debauchery, in the company of other young men of the same disposition; and as our parents did not supply us with money sufficient to support such a delicious life, every one pilfered what he could at his own home; but that being also insufficient, we began to rob in the dark; when, unfortunately, the corregidor got notice of us, and would have caused us to be apprehended, had we not been informed of his treacherous design. Upon which we consulted our safety in flight, and transferred the scene of our exploits to the highway. Since which time, gentlemen, God has given me grace to grow old in my profession, in spite of the dangers to which it is exposed."

HERMANN.

Although Clarke, the comedian, has gone, Hermann, the prestidigitateur, remains. If any intelligent man or woman wishes to know what that means, the Academy of Music is the place to ascertain. Mr. Hermann is a magician, a conjuror, a medicine-man, a professor of sleight-of-hand, a wonder-worker. He brings foreign testimonials which certify his great excellence in his way, and as there is always a peculiar interest in really admirable conjuring, and as it is long since we have had a master of magic, Mr. Hermann will probably find crowds who are anxious to forget for a moment the harassing cares of the times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Disinterested Advice to Ladies of a Literary Turn.—Never marry an author. He is sure at some time or other to put you in his books, and the consequence is, you will come out, like those rare botanical specimens similarly preserved, as flat and as dead as possible. Not a fraction of color will there be left in you! There will only be the withered outline, by which you will be able to trace your original beauty. In fact, a wife to an author is only so much book-muslin to enable him to dress up his characters with. To clothe others the wretch does not scruple to cut up his own wife.

A Hopeful Senior.—"Eh? by Jove, Sir, a new lease!" Such was the exclamation of a sanguine old buck, who, before his toilet mirror, discovered, by the aid of a double eye-glass, one black hair among his white whiskers.

An Atmospheric Fact.—Meat will not keep in this hot weather, not even in a lodging-house. Though we have seen the meat safe overnight, and were pleased to think it was so full of hope, and looked so promising for the morrow's dinner, yet the next day every scrap would be found to have gone, and gone, too, beyond all hope of recovery. Meat never goes so quickly as at the sea-side. In fact, it goes infinitely quicker than it comes. Husbands who are fond of hot dinners should go to a marine lodging-house, for they will never see there by any chance a bit of cold meat for weeks and weeks together.

As Edwin lounged on the pier to get a relish for his dinner after swallowing two monstrous bloaters for his breakfast, he said to his Angelina, "Tell me something funny, dearest, and so excite the cachinnatory muscles of my diaphragm, for I have been told that laughing is provocative of appetite."

Thus bidden, as in duty bound, the wife of his fond bosom peered for a brief moment to the seaward of the pier, and receiving inspiration from the freshening breeze that blew there, whispered, "Canst say, love, why the pleasant island of Ceylon is so favorite a resort for marriageable ladies?"

Edwin, thus appealed to, scratched his nose and stroked his whiskers, but not finding his wits sharpened by either of those processes, was forced to let his wife explain that the answer to her riddle was, that the island she referred to was full of Cingalese. Observing his blank looks, she added in compassion, "Now, dearest, don't be stupid; can't you put an 'h' in, and pronounce it 'Single he's?'"

Feeling it expected of him, Edwin tried to laugh, but, alas! he could do little more than get up a faint giggle. Whereupon his *placens uxor* made another daring effort to excite his risibility, by asking, "Who is the most dangerous young lady in a ball-room?" and adding in the same breath, "Why, of course, dear, a Lucinda."

Conscious of his density, Edwin tried his best to look as though he understood her; but, struggle as he might for it, the giggle would not come until, patting with her tiny hand his sorely puzzled brow, said Angelina, "You are sadly dull, dear love, this morning. Can't you divide that Christian name, and call it a *loose-cinder?*"

The Height of a Warm Imagination.—Throwing open the windows—lying gracefully at full length on the sofa (having previously put a plate of shrimps on the table before you)—and listening to the gentle trickling of the watering-cart as it paces slowly up and down the street; with the happy combination of so many luxuries, it becomes as easy as lying on the beach, and throwing pebbles into the sea, to fancy that one is doing the *dolce far niente* at the sea-side. We beg of the reader, who has any thing of a tropical imagination, to put on only a suitable costume, and to try it just for a couple of hours.

The Pursuit of Joking under Difficulties.—The Painters inside the house and the Paviors hammering away violently outside! The two senses of smell and hearing being attacked, beyond all power of stoppage, outrageously at the same time. On our word, it is enough to make a Bright swear!

SEVERE TRIAL OF TEMPER IN HOT WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Choleric Old Gentleman. A Cool Young Party.

Scene:—A Richmond Railway Carriage. *Time:*—About 12 noon.

Choleric Old Gentleman (*panting, puffing, perspiring*). "Hot, Sir, tremendously hot."

Cool Young Party. "It *is* warm."

C. O. G. "Warm, Sir! I call it blazing hot. Why the glass is 98° in the Shade!"

C. Y. P. "Really! is that much?"

C. O. G. "Much, Sir! Immense!"

C. Y. P. "Well, then, the glass is perfectly right."

C. O. G. "Right, Sir! I don't understand you, Sir. What do you mean by saying it is right, Sir?"

C. Y. P. "I mean that the glass is quite right to be as much in the Shade as it can in this warm weather."

[Choleric Old Gentleman *collapses.*

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What tree pinches the Jews?
The juniper (Jew-nipper).

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three,
Nine are but four of us,
What can we be?
Would you know more of us,
I will tell you more—
Seven are but five of us,
Five are but four.

The number of letters contained in each numeral.

Why is the letter A like twelve o'clock?
Because it is the middle of day.

Why are undergraduates like geese?
Because they live upon the commons, they are crammed, they are plucked, and when they are plucked they are regularly sold.

What do ladies look for when they go to church?
The hims (hymns).

Why is an egg overdone like an egg underdone?
Because it's hardly done.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK.

A balloon reconnoissance made on 14th at Washington developed the fact that not only had the rebels who made the dash upon the Union pickets near the Chain Bridge fallen back, but that also a very large portion of their main force had done likewise from the positions formerly occupied by them.

RECONNOISSANCE AT LEWINSVILLE.

A reconnoissance party started from the Chain Bridge on 11th at seven o'clock A. M. under the charge of Colonel Stevens, of the Seventy-ninth New York State Militia. As the skirmishers advanced the rebel pickets retired beyond Lewinsville, which is situated at about seven miles from the starting-point. The object of the party having been accomplished, they began to retrace their steps, but the rebels were determined they should not do this without some suffering. They therefore sent a far superior force of infantry, with cavalry and artillery, to cut them off, while a line of battle was formed by the remainder of their forces. Their battery opened with shell, to which Captain Griffin replied. Several rounds were fired on either side, when our troops ceased firing so as to allow the rebels to advance out of the woods in which they were concealed if they dared, in order to have an open field fight. But to this the rebels would not agree, therefore a thirty-two pounder was brought into action, the shell from which soon silenced the rebel battery. Captain Griffin next gave the rebel cavalry, which had made their appearance on the road to Fall's Church, a specimen of his skill, and soon sent them flying, some with empty saddles, as the shells burst in their midst. The command then withdrew, and reached the Chain Bridge in good order.

A SPEECH FROM GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

Governor Curtin presented colors to the Pennsylvania Regiments last week at Washington, in presence of the President and a number of officers. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes an incident of the affair:

"For some minutes at this place the troops were allowed to gratify their desire to shake hands with General M'Clellan, and the General, desiring to become acquainted with his men, and to have them know him, gratified them, and the liveliest of scenes were enacted. The President, Cabinet, Governors, and even the ladies, were lost sight of. General M'Clellan never took an officer by the hand at the expense of a private. He talked little, bowed to each man, and looked him straight in the eyes. Each man had something cheering to say to the General. One man said, 'General, we are anxious to wipe out Bull Run; hope you will allow us to do it soon.' 'Very soon, if the enemy does not run,' was the prompt response.

"At last Captain Barker, of the Chicago cavalry corps, composing the escort, appealed to the troops not to crowd the General too hard, or shake his hand too much, as before he slept he had a long way to travel, and much writing to do with the hand they were shaking. He promised if they would fall back that the General would say a few words to them. They instantly complied, when the General, removing his hat, spoke as follows:

"'Soldiers!—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts.'"

THE EMANCIPATION QUESTION IN MISSOURI.

The following letter from the President to General Frémont has been published:

"Washington, D. C., *Sept.* 11, 1861.

"*Major-General John C. Fremont:*

"Sir,—Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of the 2d instant, was just received. Assured that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30 I perceived no general objection to it; the particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subjects, and hence I wrote you expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer just received expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform with and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled 'An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes,' approved August 6, 1861, and that said act be published at length with this order.

"Your obedient servant, A. Lincoln."

KENTUCKY THOROUGHLY LOYAL.

On September 12, both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That Kentucky's peace and neutrality have been wantonly violated, her soil has been invaded, the rights of her citizens have been grossly infringed by the so-called Southern Confederate forces. This has been done without cause; therefore—

"*Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That the Governor be requested to call out the military force of the State to expel and drive out the invaders.

"*Resolved*, That the United States be invoked to give aid and assistance, that protection to invasion which is granted to each one of the States by the 4th section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That General Robert Anderson be, and he is hereby requested to enter immediately upon the active discharge of his duties in this military district.

"*Resolved*, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky by the ties of patriotism and honor, by the ties of common interest and common defense, by the remembrances of the past, and by the hopes of future national existence, to assist in repelling and driving out the wanton violators of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil."

MAGOFFIN TRIES TO BETRAY THE STATE, BUT IS FOILED.

On 13th Governor Magoffin vetoed the resolutions. They were, however, immediately passed over his veto, and the Governor was directed to require the withdrawal of the Confederates from Kentucky. Accordingly Governor Magoffin issued the following proclamation, in obedience to the resolutions:

"The Government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, are hereby informed that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally."

REBELLION TO BE PUNISHED.

On 14th Mr. Huston reported a bill to punish rebellion in the State. It was made the special order for 16th.

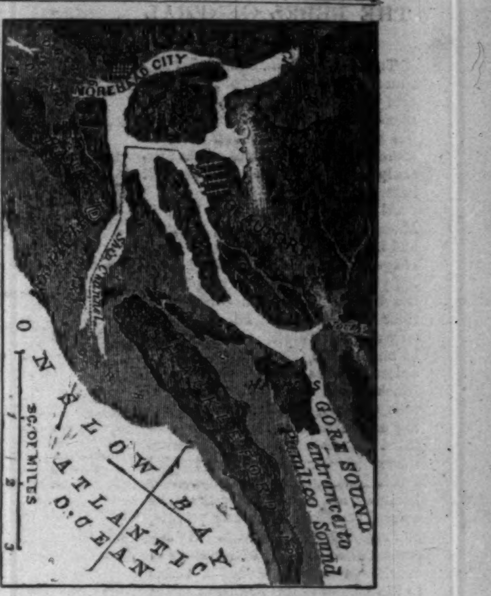
The bill will make it felony to aid the war by enlisting troops for the Confederates, or inducing any one to do so, or by joining or parading with any company with the intent to join the Confederates. The invasion of Kentucky by any citizen as a Confederate soldier is punishable by death. This Act to go into effect in ten days, and will not be applicable to those who return to their allegiance within sixty days.

THE REBELS DEFEATED IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

General Rosecrans succeeded in engaging the rebel forces under General Floyd on Tuesday last, and after giving them battle caused them to follow the same course as that pursued by Wise—namely, to make a rapid flight—which they did under the cover of darkness. The engagement was a brisk one, the rebels having the advantage of position, and also of greater numbers both of men and artillery. The Union loss is fifteen killed and seventy wounded. The rebel loss of men can not be ascertained, as they removed their dead and wounded, but their loss of material and baggage was heavy, all of which fell into the hands of General Benham's brigade. Twenty-five of the prisoners, taken at the time that Colonel Tyler's force was attacked at Cross Lane, have been recaptured. Floyd's forces are said to be entirely driven from their stronghold and routed.

REPORTED WRECK OF THE "SUMTER."

Another pirate, the notorious *Sumter*, is reported to have been wrecked on the island of Trinidad, near Port of Spain, on or about the 29th of August. No further particulars have been received, and it is not known whether any of the crew were drowned or not.



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.

As naval expeditions are now leaving every few days to operate on the Southern Coast, we present above a Plan of a harbor which will certainly receive some attention—Beaufort, North Carolina. This is one of the best harbors on the coast; there are fifteen feet water on the bar. At latest dates there were, it is said, four United States men-of-war off the mouth of the harbor. Fort Macon, which protects it, is very strong, and a large force of North Carolinians have been assigned to its defense.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT BOONVILLE.

Intelligence has been received at St. Louis of a battle fought at Boonville, resulting in a victory for the Union. The rebels, 1000 strong, were driven back by the Home Guard, with a loss of twelve killed and thirty wounded. The Union loss was only one killed and four wounded. Among the rebels killed were Colonel Brown and Captain Brown, both virulent secessionists.

AFFAIRS AT HATTERAS.

We learn from Fortress Monroe that all was quiet at Hatteras on 13th inst. The *Susquehanna* and *Pawnee* were still there. The defenses had been put in complete order, and the guns spiked by the rebels were ready for service. Four Southern vessels, under British colors, had run into the Inlet with merchandise for the rebels, not knowing of the change of sovereignty. They were, of course, captured.

DISORGANIZATION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

There seems to be a little trouble among the rebel troops. A whole Mississippi regiment is reported to have revolted on Saturday last, broken their muskets to pieces, and started for home. A complete demoralization of the army is apparent. Thirteen rebel regiments have left for their homes since the capture of the forts at Hatteras.

THE UNION AND REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

The People's Convention at Syracuse, on 11th, adopted a brief declaration in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to quell the rebellion, and nominated the following ticket for State officers:

Attorney-General—Daniel S. Dickinson, of Broome.
Secretary of State—Horatio Ballard, of Cortland.
Controller—Lucius Robinson, of Chemung.
Treasurer—W. B. Lewis, of Kings.
Canal Commissioners—F. A. Aberger, of Erie, long term; F. A. Tallmadge, of New York, short term.
State Prison Inspector—A. B. Tappan, of Westchester.
State Engineer—W. B. Taylor, of Oneida.
Judge of the Court of Appeals—W. B. Wright, of Ulster.

The Republican State Convention met at Syracuse the same day, and nominated the ticket for State officers, with the exception of their candidate for Canal Commissioner, Tallmadge, of New York. The name of Benjamin F. Bruce, of Madison, was substituted for that of Mr. Tallmadge.

PERSONAL.

Jefferson Davis is not dead. The silence of the Rebel organs on this subject has been broken by positive contradictions of the reports of his decease.

Parson Brownlow and his son, of Knoxville, Tennessee, are still under arrest, by order of General Zollicoffer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The announcement is made that three more regiments are ordered to Canada. They start about the middle of September, and will leave in the *Great Eastern*, which goes to New York, as advertised.

The *Times*, in an editorial, says that the Government may have private reasons for the movement, but that there are none apparent. If it is purely a defensive movement and a mere declaration of identity between England and Canada, it hopes that Canada will not take it for more than it means, but hold herself ready, if it should be needful, to protect herself. It is regarded as a wise guarantee against all complications, and calculated to strengthen her frontier.

FRANCE.

A FORTHCOMING SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

Among other *on dits* in Paris, was one to the effect that, on the occasion of the Emperor's approaching visit to Bordeaux, a speech may be expected from him calculated to remove any fears entertained of warlike intentions on the part of his Majesty.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The resignation of Mingettie, Minister of the Interior, had been accepted. Baron Ricasoli had been nominated to the vacancy with the charge *ad interim* of Foreign Affairs. Victor Emanuel had informally received M. Benedict, the new French Minister. Additional successes were reported over the Neapolitan brigands. It was also reported that some collisions had occurred between the Piedmontese troops and the Papal *gens d'armes.*

SPAIN.

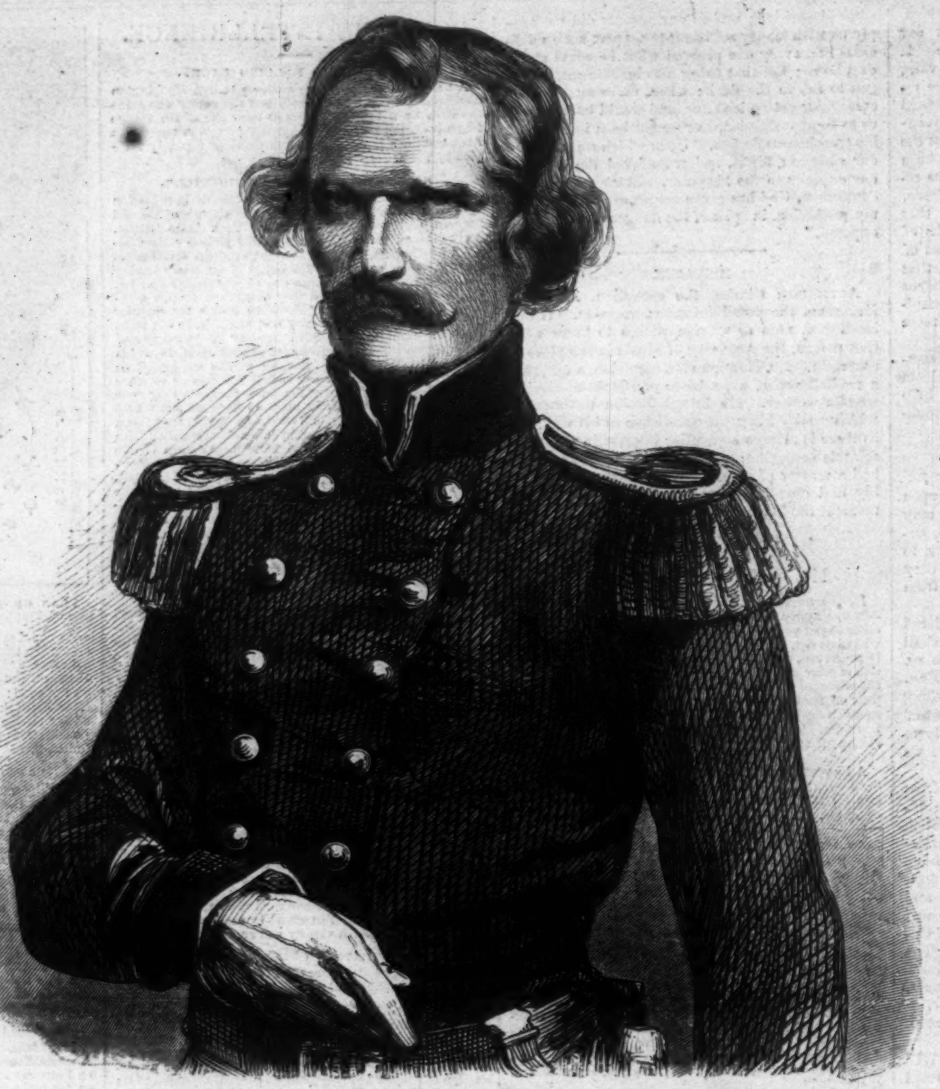
SPAIN WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE REBELS.

Mr. Tassara, the Spanish Minister, has called to assure the Secretary of State that the report from Charleston that the Captain-General of Cuba has issued a proclamation recognizing the rebel flag is untrue. What has happened is, that vessels from any port of the United States in possession of the rebels, coming into a port with irregular papers, are admitted *ex necessitate*, without notice of their irregularity, just as they have been admitted in all other ports since the rebels obtained possession of the custom-houses in the insurgent States. It is needless to say that no such vessels can be abroad without escaping the blockading force. There is no recognition of a rebel flag in Spanish ports or in any other ports.

THE REBEL GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON.

The telegraph announces that **Albert Sydney Johnston**, late Colonel United States Army, and commander-in-chief of the army of Utah, has been appointed by Jeff Davis to command the rebel forces on the Mississippi. We publish his portrait herewith.

Albert S. Johnston was born in Macon County, Kentucky, in 1803, and is consequently fifty-eight years of age. After the usual school training young Johnston was adopted by the United States, and educated at their expense at their Military Academy at West Point. On graduating he entered the 6th Infantry, and was ordered to the West. During the Black Hawk war he acted as Adjutant General, President Lincoln being at the time a captain of volunteers. At the close of the war he resigned his commission, and resided first in Missouri, next in Texas. War breaking out in the latter State, he entered the Texan army as a private, and rose to high distinction. He afterward filled the post of Secretary of War. On the annexation of Texas to the United States Johnston raised a partisan troop, which he commanded, and accompanied General Taylor to Monterey. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to his plantation; but being in embarrassed circumstances, was glad to accept from the United States the post of Paymaster, which was generously bestowed upon him by the Government. Under Pierce, Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, made Johnston Colonel of the 2d Cavalry, and he subsequently received the command of the Southwestern Military District. At the outbreak of the war with Utah he was chosen, over many more skilled officers, to command the expedition which crossed the plains. He continued to fill that post—being, in fact, dictator in the country which he occupied—until the rebellion took place, when he traitorously abandoned his flag. He is believed to have made energetic attempts to induce California and Oregon to join the rebels, but to have been foiled by the common sense of our Pacific brethren and the sagacious measures adopted by Government. He is now, as we stated, in command of the rebels on the Mississippi, and will have to deal with General Frémont.



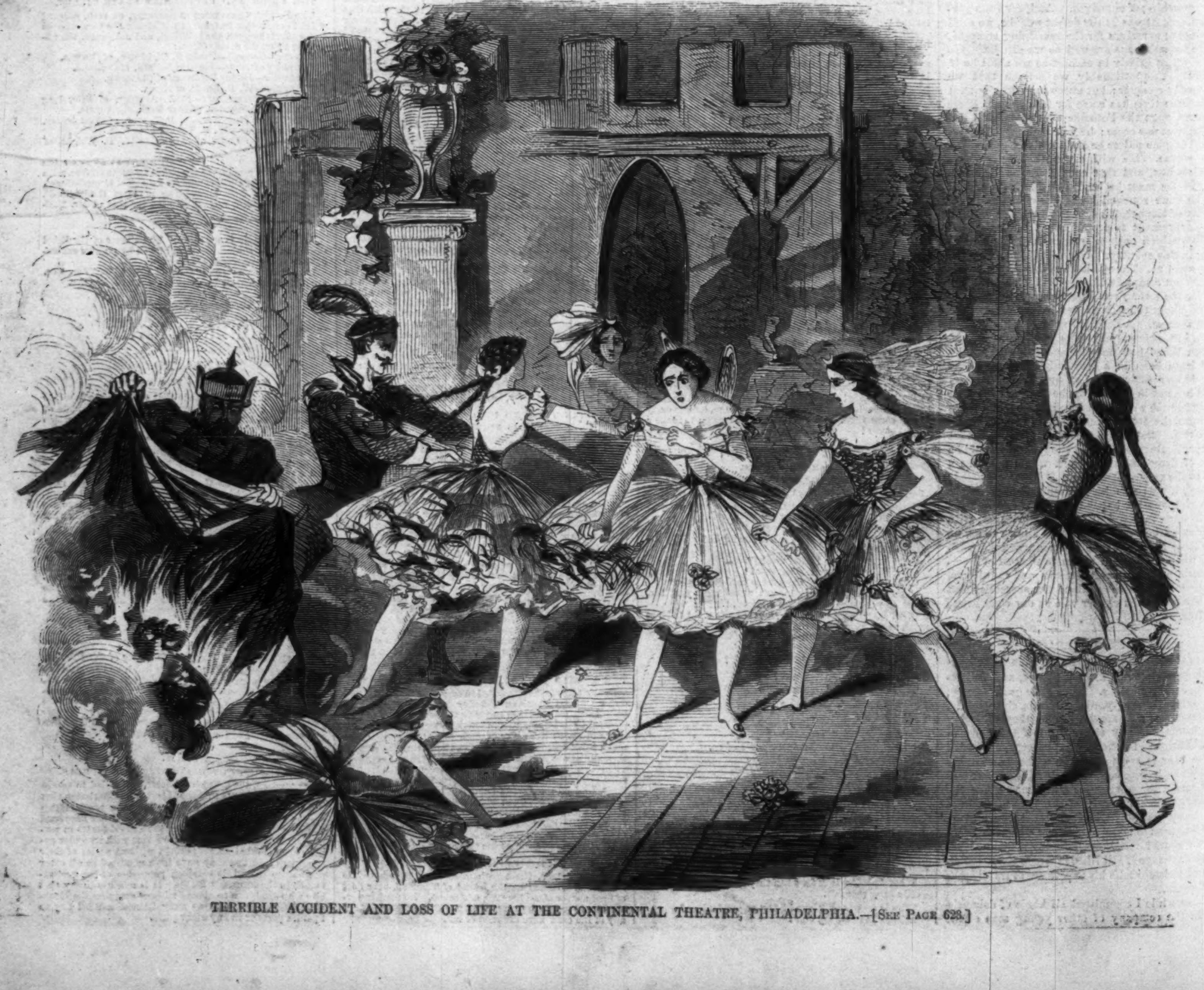
THE REBEL GENERAL ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, COMMANDING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE "WINONA."

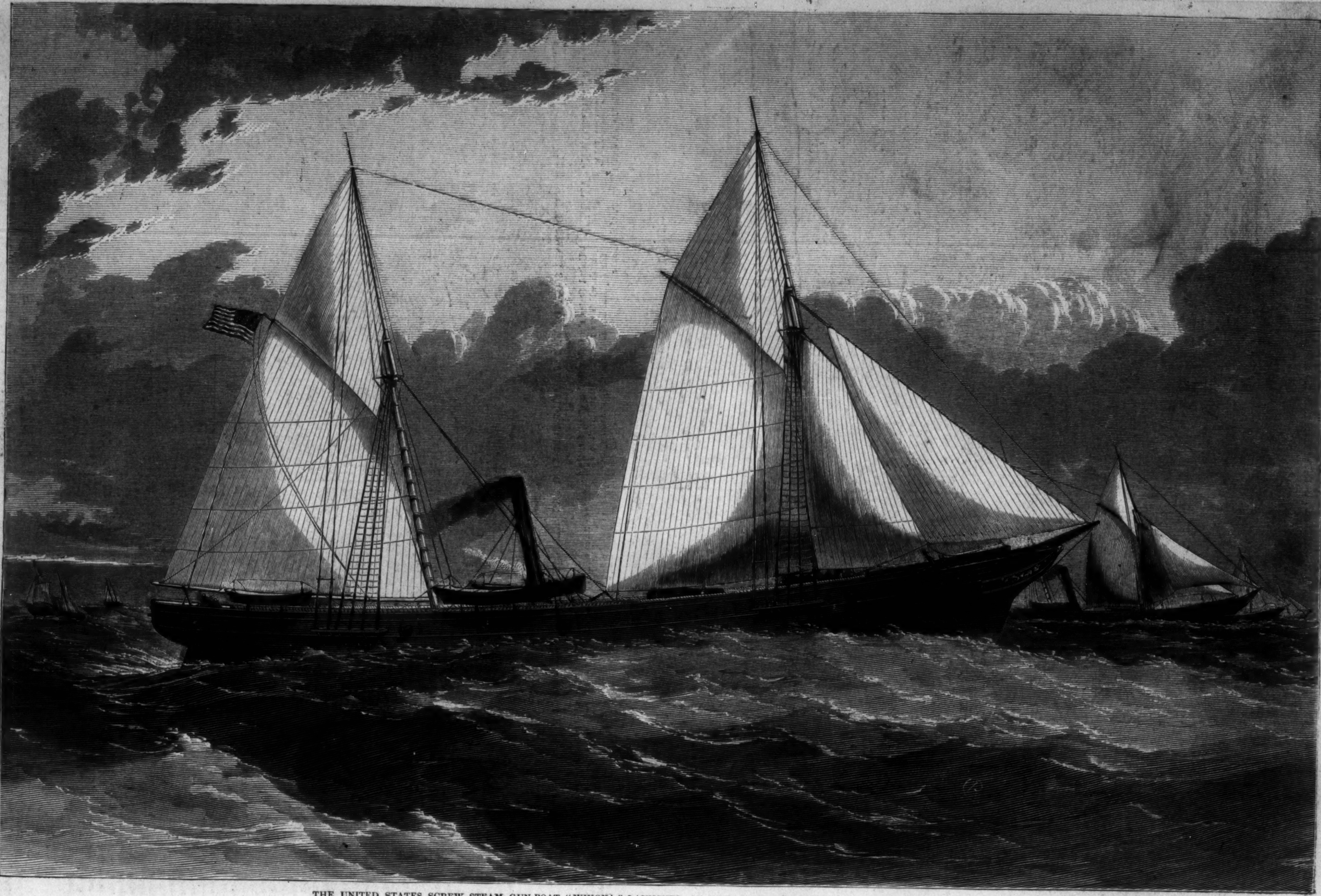
The United States Screw Steam Gun-boat *Winona*, built by **C. & R. Poillon**, of which we publish a portrait on page 613, was launched—fully sparred and rigged, and with the propeller and main shafting fitted up in her—from their yard, foot of Bridge Street, Brooklyn, on Saturday, 14th inst., at 5 o'clock P.M. Her dimensions are, Length over all, 165 feet; breadth, 28 feet; hold, 10 feet; tonnage, 558 tons measurement. She is built of white and live oak, yellow pine and locust, and fastened in conformity to the Government system of building. By the terms of contract she was to be launched in seventy-five days, but was ready in forty-six working days from the signing of the contract. She is of good model, and in all her details exhibits excellence of workmanship and beauty of finish. After launching she was towed to the *Allaire Works Dock*, where she will receive her boilers and other machinery, which consists of two back-acting engines with 30-inch cylinders and 18-inch stroke, and two tubular boilers of Martin variety. The screw propeller is of composition, nine feet in diameter. The engines will develop about 350-horse power, and the consumption of coal will be about eight tons per day. The total weight of machinery will be about 130 tons.

Four gun-boats like the *Winona* have been launched, viz.: *Ottawa*, *Pembina*, *Seneca*, and *Chippewa*, all of New York.

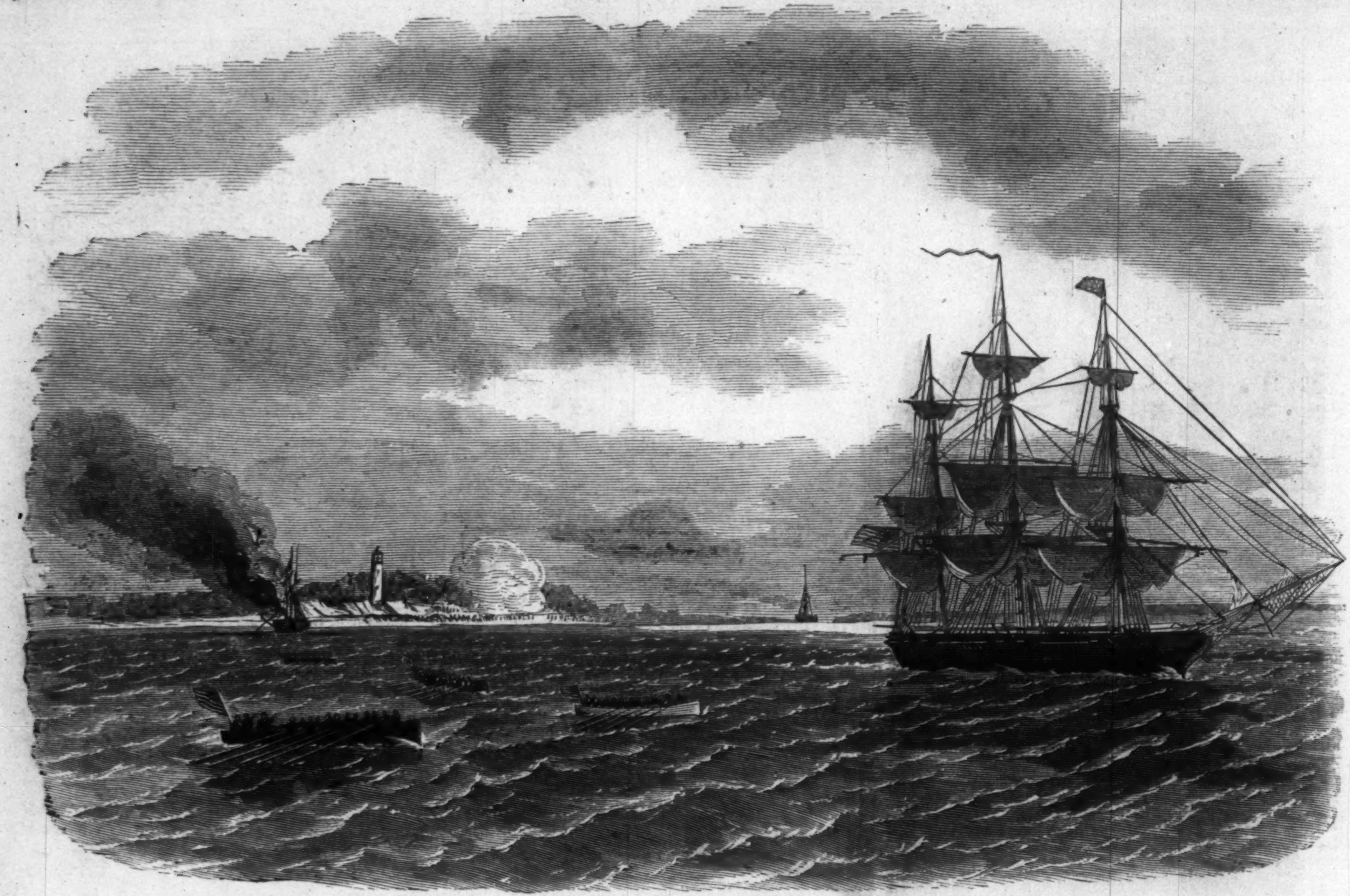
Eighteen are in the course of construction, and are more or less advanced, viz.: *Tahoma*, Wilmington, Del.; *Wissahickon*, *Scioto*, and *Itasca*, Philadelphia; *Unadilla*, New York; *Owasco*, Mystic River, Ct.; *Kanawha*, East Haddam; *Cayuga*, Portland; *Huron*, *Chocura*, and *Sagamore*, Boston; *Marblehead*, Newburyport; *Kennebec*, Thomaston, Me.; *Aroostook*, Kennebunk, Me.; *Kineo*, Portland, Me.; *Katahdin*, Bath, Me.; *Penobscot*, Belfast, Me.; and *Pinola*, Baltimore, Md.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE AT THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 623.]



THE UNITED STATES SCREW STEAM GUN-BOAT "WINONA," LAUNCHED AT NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.—[See preceding Page.]



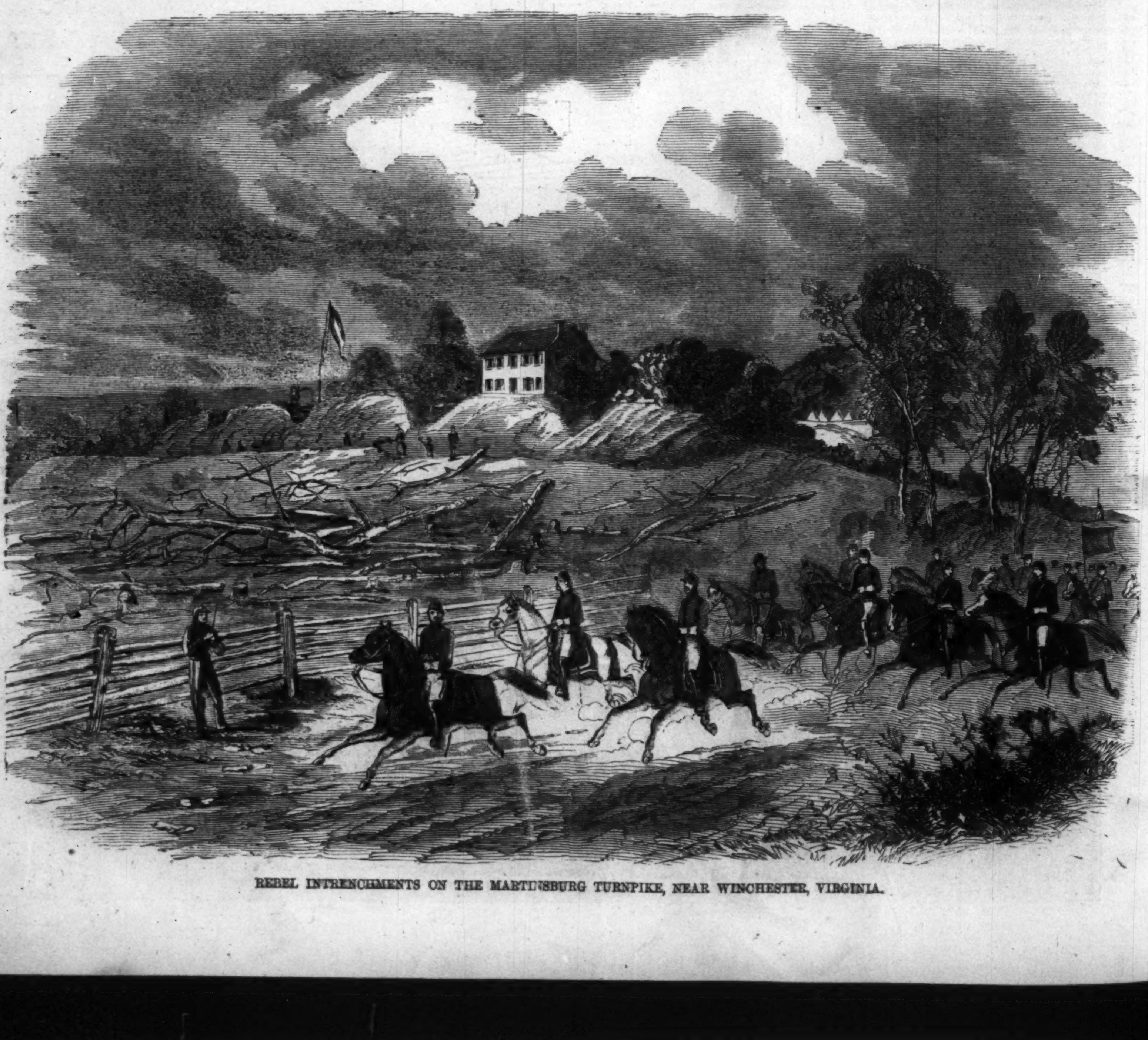
THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "JAMESTOWN" DRIVING THE "ALVARADO" ASHORE, NEAR FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

THE "JAMESTOWN" AT FERNANDINA.

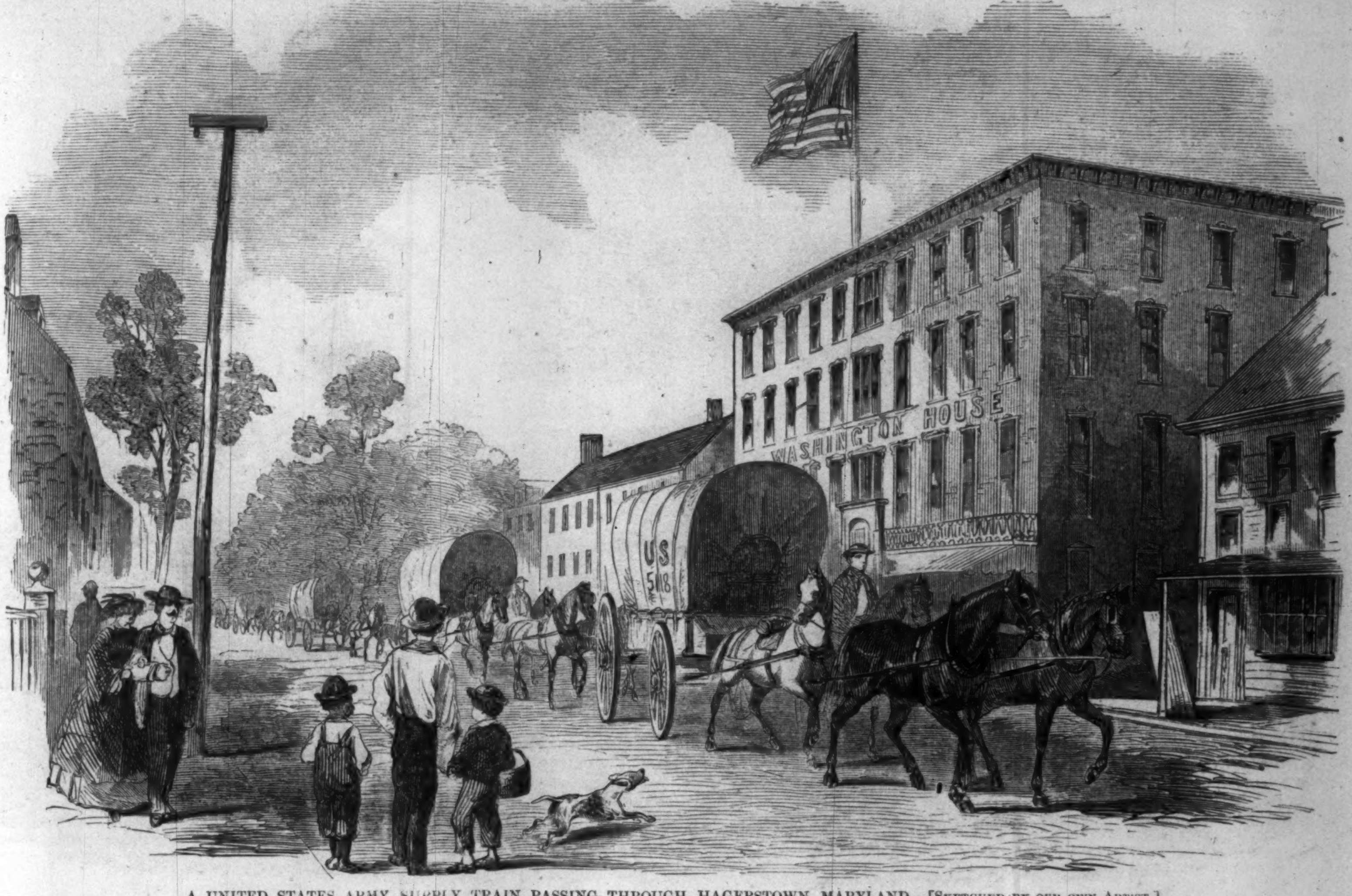
WE are indebted to Mr. James Hoovere, of the United States sloop of war *Jamestown*, for the sketch which we reproduce herewith. The affair depicted is thus described by our correspondent:

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, *August* 5, 1861.

Early on the morning of the 5th inst. we saw a bark bearing in toward land, and under a heavy press of sail. Although the wind was light, we were going at the rate of some six knots per hour, and were evidently gaining rapidly on the strange vessel. As soon as we were perceived by those on board the bark they tried to run her on shore, and in this they succeeded, stranding her in three fathoms of water. They then took to their boats, taking with them all valuables worth the trouble, and made the cap-



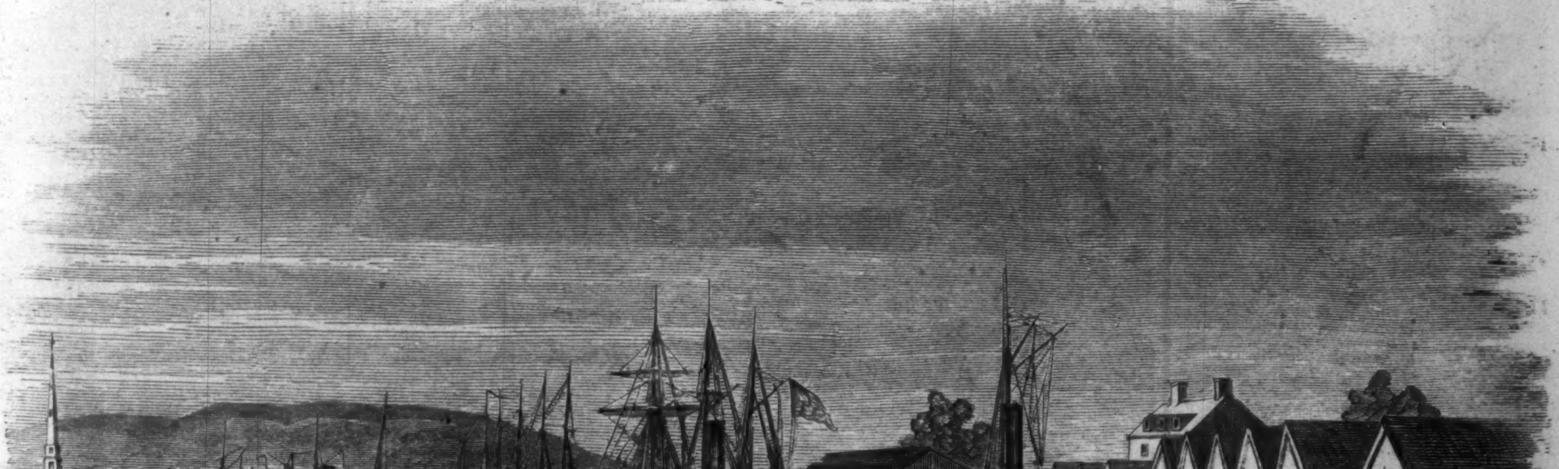
REBEL INTRENCHMENTS ON THE MARTINSBURG TURNPIKE, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.



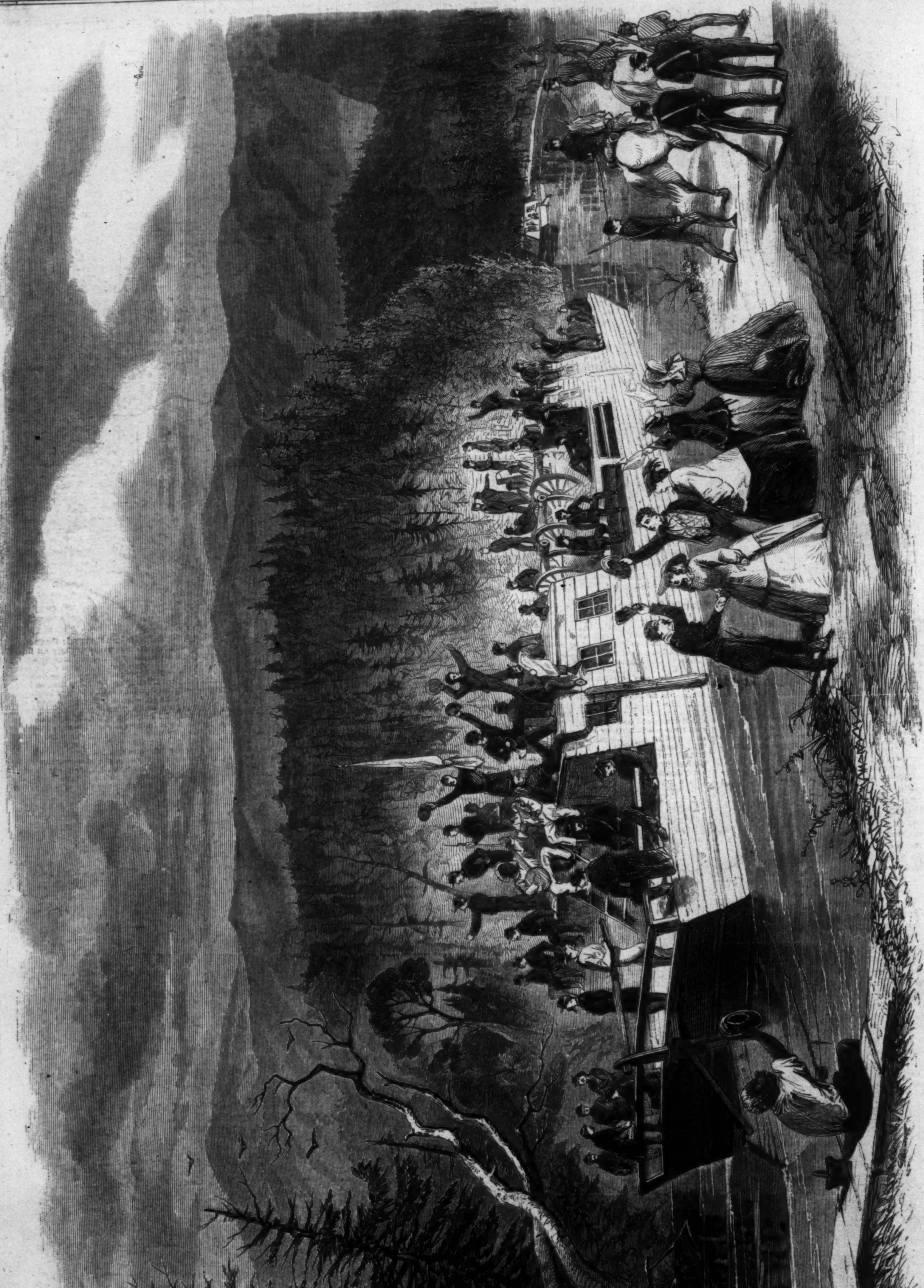
A UNITED STATES ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

tain and his wife prisoners. By the time the boats of the vessel had reached the shore we got near enough to fire, and accordingly fired a round shot at her. By means of our glasses we could not perceive any one on the vessel's decks; but on looking toward land we found that the alarm had been given, and that crowds of people were flocking to the shore, anxiously waiting to see what we would do with the stranded ship. By this time bodies of armed men were seen defiling through an opening in the sand-hills; and shortly afterward horses drawing some pieces of ordnance, and accompanied by artillerymen, were noticed. The confusion on shore now became general: men marching in columns, horses with their riders flying hither and thither, and spectators to the number of some 200 or 300 lined the beach. The pieces of cannon were now placed in position on shore, so as to rake the boats if they were sent to take the bark, and every thing denoted the intention on the part of the Floridians of making a determined resistance. Our ship was distant some two miles from the prize; and as the sea shoals very suddenly here, we were afraid to venture in any nearer land. Our captain then tried to destroy her by shelling her with our batteries, but none of the shot reached the vessel. At this time the shore batteries opened, with the intention of showing us that they could destroy any thing that approached for the purpose of boarding the bark. Finding that the only way of destroying the vessel was by means of boats, the launch, first and fourth cutters were called and manned. The first boat was officered by Lieutenant Flasser (who commanded the expedition); Lieutenant Houston, of the Marines; and Assistant-Surgeon Cleborne. The first cutter was commanded by Lieutenant R. Phythian, accompanied by Mr. Chisolm, Master; and the other boat was in charge of Midshipman Tyson. All being ready the boats shoved off, and as they approached the vessel were received by a sharp fire from the shore batteries; some heavy shot was fired, which we afterward understood came from a masked battery near the light-house; and the field-pieces were fired in rapid succession—the cannon balls came whizzing over our heads and around us rather unpleasantly, I assure you. At last we reached the vessel, just in time to save our boat from a round shot which came whizzing over the vessel, and fell only a few feet behind us. Had we been struck by it, the boat must have instantly sunk. The other boats came on in good order, and fortunately unscathed; and as the launch touched the ship a dozen boarders clambered up her sides, headed by our second lieutenant, and followed by the other officers of the boat; but luckily no one had remained on board to contest the day, and we soon made ourselves masters of the contents of the vessel, which proved to be hemp, wool, and oil. While we were trying, without success, to get the vessel off, the surgeon and others were busied in securing the ship's papers, and securing every thing of importance which in the hurry had been left behind. The recall was now hoisted on board the *Jamestown*, and a gun fired to warn us of an armed steamer which was seen approaching. It was then decided to burn the vessel; the stars and stripes were hoisted; and she was accordingly set fire to in three places so effectually that we had scarcely time to leave the ship's side when the flames burst out on every side. As we pulled for our ship the steamer neared us with the intention of running us down, but those on board the man-of-war had seen the design, and were bearing toward us broadside on, when the Secession steamer concluded not to come within range of our guns, and turned her head toward Fernandina again. The sight of the burning vessel was truly grand, and the scene was made more striking by the occasional firing of the batteries on our retreating boats; none of their shots were effective, though their line firing was excellent.

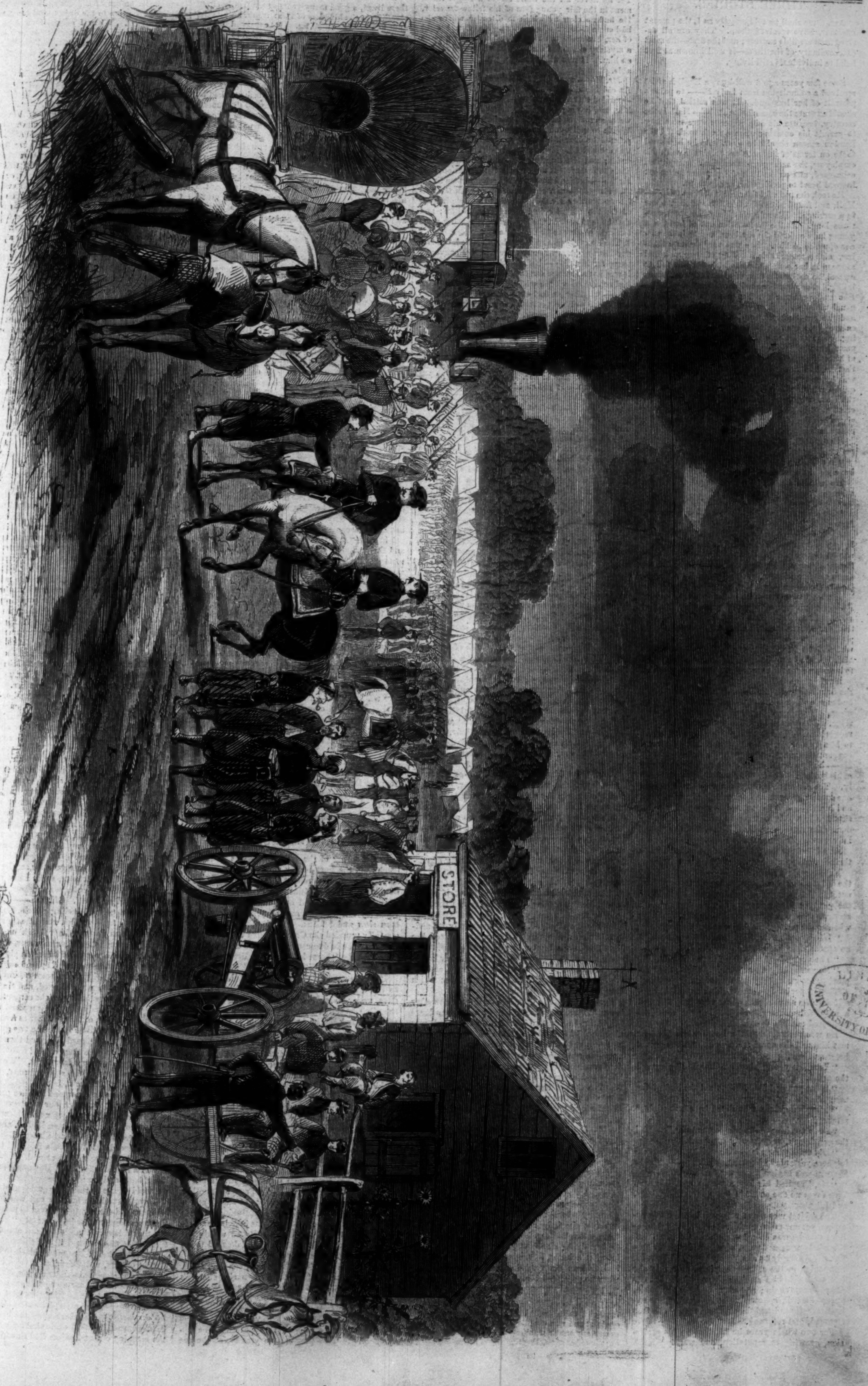
The bark was the *Alvarado*, of Boston, commanded by Captain Whiting, and her cargo, I hear, was worth nearly $100,000. This is the true state of the case; so that the Secessionists did not make any thing of the prize but a burned-down hulk.



THE WESTERN WHARVES AT WASHINGTON, WHERE ARMY SUPPLIES ARE RECEIVED.



VIEW ON THE JAMES RIVER CANAL, NEAR BALCONY FALLS.—REBEL TROOPS GOING FROM LYNCHBURG TO BUCHANAN, ON THEIR WAY TO WESTERN VIRGINIA.



CROSSING THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD, AND THE ALEXANDRIA AND WARRINGTON TURNPIKE, AT WHITE PLAINS.—ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR BEAUREGARD, AT THE CAMP OF THE TIGER ZOUAVES, OF LOUISIANA.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THREE STORIES.

ALL three shall be told exactly as I, the present narrator, have received them. They are all derived from credible sources; and the first—the most extraordinary of the three—is well known at first hand to individuals still living.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F—— to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F—— Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 13th of September he set out in good heart to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F—— Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country, and, the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his doings. He was quite certain that he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could.

"Well," she said, "look at me again. You may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly,

"Now, do you think you could?"

"I think so," he replied; "but I can not say for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and bade him good-by: adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon." The train rattled off, and Mr. H—— (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F——'s carriage was there, to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room: for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H—— was much surprised, and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H—— had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed away pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H—— was entreated to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H—— was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room opened into the garden; passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, Sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, Sir," replied the man, looking fixedly at him.

The painter said no more: thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So, leaving the room, he sauntered out into the park.

He was returning to the house when his host met him and the usual morning salutations passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," returned Mr. H——.

"I can not imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H——, who in his turn was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied his host; "most certainly not. There was no one at table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion. If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat beside him at the dinner-table. Yet she did not come again; and every body in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence. He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession, growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveler. He had no clew by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H—— was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wylde—resided there. Mr. H——, being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wylde to call upon him there. At the time appointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wylde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two was a little awkward. It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H——'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now face to face with the artist was another Mr. Wylde; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H—— had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wylde asked Mr. H—— whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description? Mr. H—— replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wylde, "because, about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I loved her very dearly. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wylde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H—— listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so. But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not hers; and the father turned away from it, thanking Mr. H—— for his kind endeavors, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and handed it to his companion. Instantly a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he exclaimed, "That is she! Surely you must have seen my child, or you never could have made so perfect a likeness!"

"When did your daughter die?" inquired the painter, with agitation.

"About two years ago; on the 13th of September. She died in the afternoon after a few days' illness."

Mr. H—— pondered, but said nothing. The image of that fair young face was engraven on his memory as with a diamond's point, and her strangely prophetic words were now fulfilled.

A few weeks after, having completed a beautiful full-length portrait of the young lady, he sent it to her father, and the likeness was declared, by all who had ever seen her, to be perfect.

Among the friends of my family was a young Swiss lady, who, with an only brother, had been left an orphan in her childhood. She was brought up, as well as her brother, by an aunt; and the children, thus thrown very much upon each other, became very strongly attached. At the age of twenty-two the youth got some appointment in India, and the terrible day drew near when they must part. I need not describe the agony of persons so circumstanced. But the mode in which these two sought to mitigate the anguish of separation was singular. They agreed that if either should die before the young man's return the dead should appear to the living.

The youth departed. The young lady by-and-by married a Scotch gentleman, and quitted her home, to be the light and ornament of his. She was a devoted wife, but she never forgot her brother. She corresponded with him regularly, and her brightest days in all the year were those which brought letters from India.

One cold winter's day, two or three years after her marriage, she was seated at work near a large bright fire in her own bedroom up stairs. It was about mid-day, and the room was full of light. She was very busy, when some strange impulse caused her to raise her head and look round. The door was slightly open, and near the large antique bed stood a figure, which she at a glance recognized as that of her brother. With a cry of delight she started up, and ran forward to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh, Henry! How could you surprise me so! You never told me you were coming!" But he waved his hand sadly, in a way that forbade approach, and she remained rooted to the spot. He advanced a step toward her, and said, in a low soft voice, "Do you remember our agreement? I have come to fulfill it;" and approaching nearer he laid his hand on her wrist. It was icy cold, and the touch made her shiver. Her brother smiled a faint, sad smile, and again waving his hand turned and left the room.

When the lady recovered from a long swoon there was a mark on her wrist, which never left it to her dying day.* The next mail from India brought a letter, informing her that her brother had died on the very day, and at the very hour, when he presented himself to her in her room.

Overhanging the waters of the Frith of Forth there lived, a good many years ago, a family of old standing in the kingdom of Fife: frank, hospitable, and hereditary Jacobites. It consisted of the squire, or laird—a man well advanced in years—his wife, three sons, and four daughters. The sons were sent out into the world, but not into the service of the reigning family. The daughters were all young and unmarried, and the eldest and the youngest were much attached to each other. They slept in the same room, shared the same bed, and had no secrets one from the other. It chanced that among the visitors to the old house there came a young naval officer, whose gun-brig often put in to the neighboring harbors. He was well received, and between him and the elder of the two sisters a tender attachment sprung up.

But the prospect of such an alliance did not quite please the lady's mother, and, without being absolutely told that it should never take place, the lovers were advised to separate. The plea urged was that they could not then afford to marry, and that they must wait for better times. Those were times when parental authority—at all events in Scotland—was like the decree of fate, and the lady felt that she had nothing left to do but to say farewell to her lover. Not so he. He was a fine gallant fellow, and, taking the old lady at her word, he determined to do his utmost to push his worldly fortunes.

There was war at that time with some northern power—I think with Prussia—and the lover, who had interest at the Admiralty, applied to be sent to the Baltic. He obtained his wish. Nobody interfered to prevent the young people from taking a tender farewell of each other, and, he full of hope and she desponding, they parted. It was settled that he should write by every opportunity; and twice a week—on the post-days at the neighboring village—the younger sister would mount her pony and ride in for letters. There was much hidden joy over every letter that arrived, and then intense anxiety until the next arrived. And often and often the sisters would sit at the window a whole winter's night listening to the roar of the sea among the rocks, and hoping and praying that each light, as it shone far away, might be the signal-lamp hung at the mast-head to apprise them that the gun-brig was coming. So weeks stole on in hope deferred, and there came a lull in the correspondence. Post-day after post-day brought no letters from the Baltic, and the agony of the sisters, especially of the betrothed, became almost unbearable.

They slept, as I have said, in the same room, and their window looked down well-nigh into the waters of the Frith. One night the younger sister was awakened by the heavy moanings of the elder. They had taken to burning a candle in their room and placing it in the window: thinking, poor girls, that it would serve as a beacon to the brig. She saw by its light that her sister was tossing about and was greatly disturbed in her sleep. After some hesitation she determined to awaken the sleeper, who sprang up with a wild cry, and pushing back her long hair with her hands exclaimed, "What have you done! what have you done!" Her sister tried to soothe her, and asked tenderly if any thing had alarmed her. "Alarmed!" she answered, still very wildly, "no! But I saw him! He entered at that door, and came near the foot of the bed. He looked very pale, and his hair was wet. He was just going to speak to me when you drove him away. Oh, what have you done! what have you done!"

I do not believe that her lover's ghost really appeared, but the fact is certain that the next mail from the Baltic brought intelligence that the gun-brig had gone down in a gale of wind, with all on board.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IN the spring of the year 18— I was returning home from the East Indian station, on promotion, as passenger in a merchant ship of about 500 tons burden, named the *Anne* of London. She was terribly overladen, and our progress, though favored by fair weather and propitious winds, had been slow and tedious. We had, however, successfully rounded the Cape, and had watered at St. Helena, when in due course we found ourselves becalmed in the "horse latitudes," so dreaded by all persons in a hurry.

Here the good ship lay, not only "all that day," as the old song says, but for more than fourteen days, under a cloudless sky and broiling sun, with the pitch bubbling up between every plank of the scorched deck. The brass rails on the poop and elsewhere, and every portion of metal within the influence of the sun, were not to be touched with impunity; and it was not even quite safe, if clad in thin duck or nankeen, to trust to a wooden seat! Time hung heavily on the hands of all on board, both passengers and crew. Every one was grumbling at every thing.

Among the passengers I had made the acquaintance of a very agreeable French gentleman, who, with his wife and little children, were returning to la belle France, after a protracted sojourn in one of the islands in the Indian seas under the British flag. A pretty colored ayah was their sole domestic.

Every thing had been tried to enliven the monotony of our lives, from dancing down to pitch-and-toss, and devoutly did we pray for another kind of pitch-and-toss, with a "wet sheet" and a "capful" of wind. We were beginning to hate every thing, even our companions in grief, and almost fancied that we were bewitched within the magic blue ring of the horizon, and doomed to remain there spell-bound forever.

Matters were in this state when, one day, as M. de S—— and myself were moodily pacing the deck under the awning, a small object far away astern of us caught my eye. I saw at once that it was a sail of some kind, but what particularly attracted my attention was the rapid way in which, though still many miles distant, it appeared to be approaching. This puzzled me greatly, as the sea was of an oily calmness, and not a "cat's-paw" ruffled the bosom of the deep. I drew my companion's attention to the object, and hurried below for my glass. When I returned on deck, M. de S—— exclaimed, "This vessel must be a steamer, as she seems to move very fast." Even he, a landsman, had observed the same thing that had astonished me.

I soon got the glass settled upon the object, and then a terrible solution of the mystery burst upon me.

The vessel was a long, low, roguish-looking craft, hermaphrodite rigged, and with a tremendous rake aft in her tall tapering masts; but that which absorbed all my senses and faculties was the steady rise and fall, the successive flash and disappearance of sweeps, or long oars, from each side of the brigantine. What could this mean? Had I been cruising among the Malays, or even up the Mediterranean, I could have better understood the matter; but here, out at sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, what could this small villainous-looking craft be sweeping about for? My heart sickened at the very thought. Improbable though it appeared, this vessel must be a pirate!

At this moment I felt some person touch my arm, and turning round I saw the master of the ship (Mitchell). He appeared pale and agitated, and whispered in a husky voice, "What do *you* make of her, Sir?"

Alas! this was no time for mincing matters, so I at once told him my suspicions. "Great Heaven!" said he, "we are lost; for I do not think I have a fire-arm on board fit for service, and but a trifle of powder; my crew, also, are only twenty-four men, all told!"

Certainly this was not a very cheering prospect, with a pirate under our lee; but, however, I begged him at once to call a council of war of all the officers of his ship and the three male passengers, including myself, in order to consult what to do in this frightful emergency.

This he at once did, and without disturbing Madame de S——, who fortunately was not *visible* that day, being somewhat indisposed (that is to say, *too lazy to get up!*). We at once proceeded to the "cuddy;" the council consisting of the master, his two mates, the boatswain, and the carpenter; M. de S——, a Mr. Johnson, and myself. It would be tedious to describe the meeting; but the upshot of the matter was, that *I* was requested to undertake the warlike preparations; and the male passengers, together with the skipper and his officers, swore to assist and obey me in every thing. This was a great responsibility to be thrust upon a young fellow of about twenty-two years of age; but I did not hesitate to undertake it.

My first step was to get Mitchell to muster the crew on the quarter-deck, where I made them a short speech, telling them of the suspicions we had of the craft in our wake, and that we must make the best of a very bad job; that if it came to a brush I felt sure, I said, that every mother's son of them would fight to the last to defend the good ship and the two helpless women and the poor little children who were among us. Mitchell also told them to obey me in every thing, as I was a king's officer, and up to fighting affairs.

The men answered with a cheer, and one old fellow, who was called "Old Joe," at once stepped forward, and said: "If you please, your Honor, I was captain of a gun for many years on board a king's ship; and if so be there should be any thing of that sort on board, I and Bill here"—with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder—"can show them how to handle them." Mitchell now remembered that there were a couple of old carronades *somewhere in the hold*, but he could not exactly state their whereabouts! The hint, however, was sufficient, and an exploring party was speedily sent below to search. After a tedious and anxious rummage below, the joyful cry was heard from Old Joe: "Here they are, my hearties; so bear a hand to get them slewed up!"

The preparing of these guns for service I left for Old Joe and his shipmates, while I and my party collected all the old cutlasses, muskets, and pistols we could find on board. M. de S—— had a good sword and a pair of dueling pistols, Mr. Johnson had a brace of pistols also, and I had a sword and pistols. From among the rubbish on board we selected three muskets, four bayonets, six or seven cutlasses, and a couple of tolerable pistols. The bayonets we set to work and spliced on to the capstan bars, and so rigged out some capital boarding-pikes; the fire-arms we cleaned, and the cutlasses we sharpened by grinding on the carpenter's stone. When all was ready Old Joe proposed to "scale the guns;" and in order to appear as formidable as we could, we contrived to fire the two guns in succession on the starboard side, and then run them over to port, and fire them again! By this device we appeared to carry four guns. We tried our small-arms also in the same manner, firing the muskets and pistols in volleys.

Much time was consumed in these proceedings, and whether it was that our stratagem had told with some effect or not, it was evident that the brigantine's sweeps had been laid in, and that she had advanced *no nearer* in the interval. We therefore concluded that the pirate intended to wait till *nightfall* before he ran us aboard. God help us! It was a fearful thought. But every one bore up like a hero, and we made the best preparations that we could devise to resist the anticipated assault.

Toward sundown another sail was seen on the horizon, and the pirate appeared to perceive her at the same moment, for he once more "out sweeps," and pulled toward the ill-fated sail at a smart pace. Every eye was strained in watching the two vessels; and just as it became too dark to distinguish distant objects, a *flash!* followed by a loud report, startled the stoutest heart among us. Further surmises were useless, for up to this moment, though some had still tried to "hope against hope" that the strange craft was *not* a pirate after all, the dreadful *certainty* fell like lead upon the hearts of all! That gunshot had told a tale that none could doubt the meaning of; and unless God should send help,

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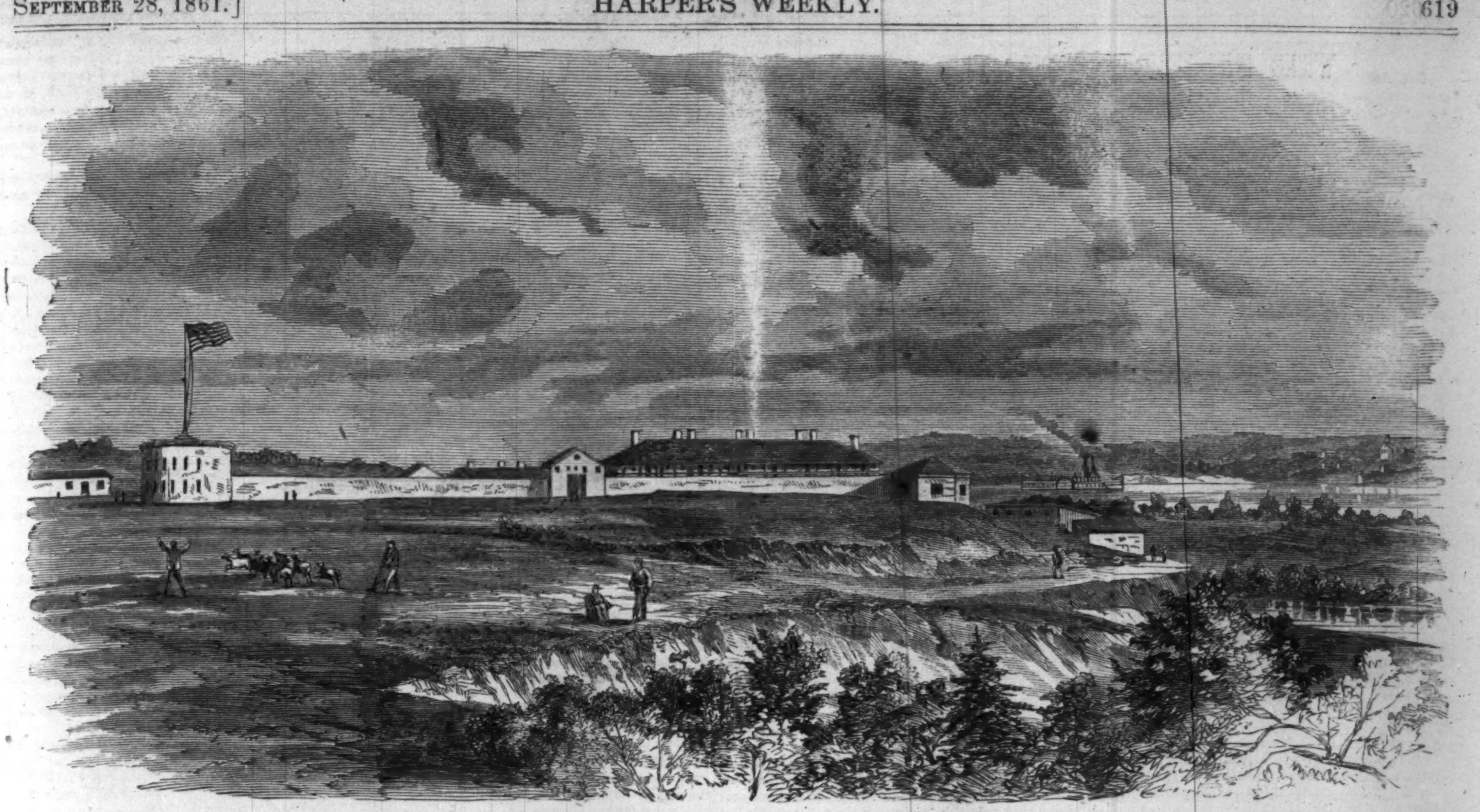
* In the Beresford story, a similar ineffaceable mark is said to have been made by an apparition on a lady's wrist. It may be worth consideration whether, under very exceptional and rare conditions, there is thus developed in women any erratic manifestation of the power a mother sometimes has of marking the body of her unborn child.



FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA, RENDEZVOUS OF THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.—[SKETCHED BY W. J. WHITEFIELD.]

either by a night-breeze, or some ship with which we might act in concert, and so beat off this scoundrel, our doom must, in all human probability, be indeed a fearful one. But it was of no use to give way to despair; and darkness having now closed in, we extinguished every light on board, even in the binnacle, and enforced the strictest silence fore and aft in the ship. I need not say there was no sleep for any of us that night. Anxiety had "murdered sleep," and none even attempted to "turn in." Long and drearily passed the feverish hours of that terrible night; and by the first faint streak of dawning light every eye was strained to see if the pirate was still in sight. Alas! a glance was sufficient. Not only was the pirate there, but *another vessel* with him, evidently the prize he had captured the night before.

Our nerves had been so overstrained for many hours, that some now began to show signs of wavering and despair; under the circumstances, therefore, I thought it better to order a good allowance of grog to be served out to the poor fellows, and keep them employed in exercising the guns, etc., as much as our small stock of powder would admit. Thus passed another wretched day of suspense and misery.

As evening was approaching, we saw the pirate again making use of her sweeps, and she advanced this time so close to us, that with the naked eye we could see her decks swarming with men, and a "long Tom" (or large swivel-gun) amid-ships. I at once ordered every man to his station, as we all anticipated an immediate attack; but, to our astonishment, after a deliberate survey, she went about, and swept back again to her prize. She evidently thought we were too well armed and prepared for an easy prey during daylight, so we once more set ourselves for our long and anxious night-watch.

The lights were once more extinguished, and I was pacing the poop with silent and sorrowful steps, when suddenly I felt a cool air fanning my cheek. Yes, truly, it was no delusion; *a breeze had sprung up at last!* Thank God! Instantly springing down upon deck, I gave orders to set every stitch upon her "below and aloft," and to trim the yards so as to feel the full benefit of the breeze. All was now bustle and activity; and after altering our course, by the skipper's good advice, we once more heard the joyful ripple of the waters as they danced by the good ship's bows.

But our joy was short-lived, for just as we were congratulating ourselves on our deliverance, our destruction was almost accomplished.

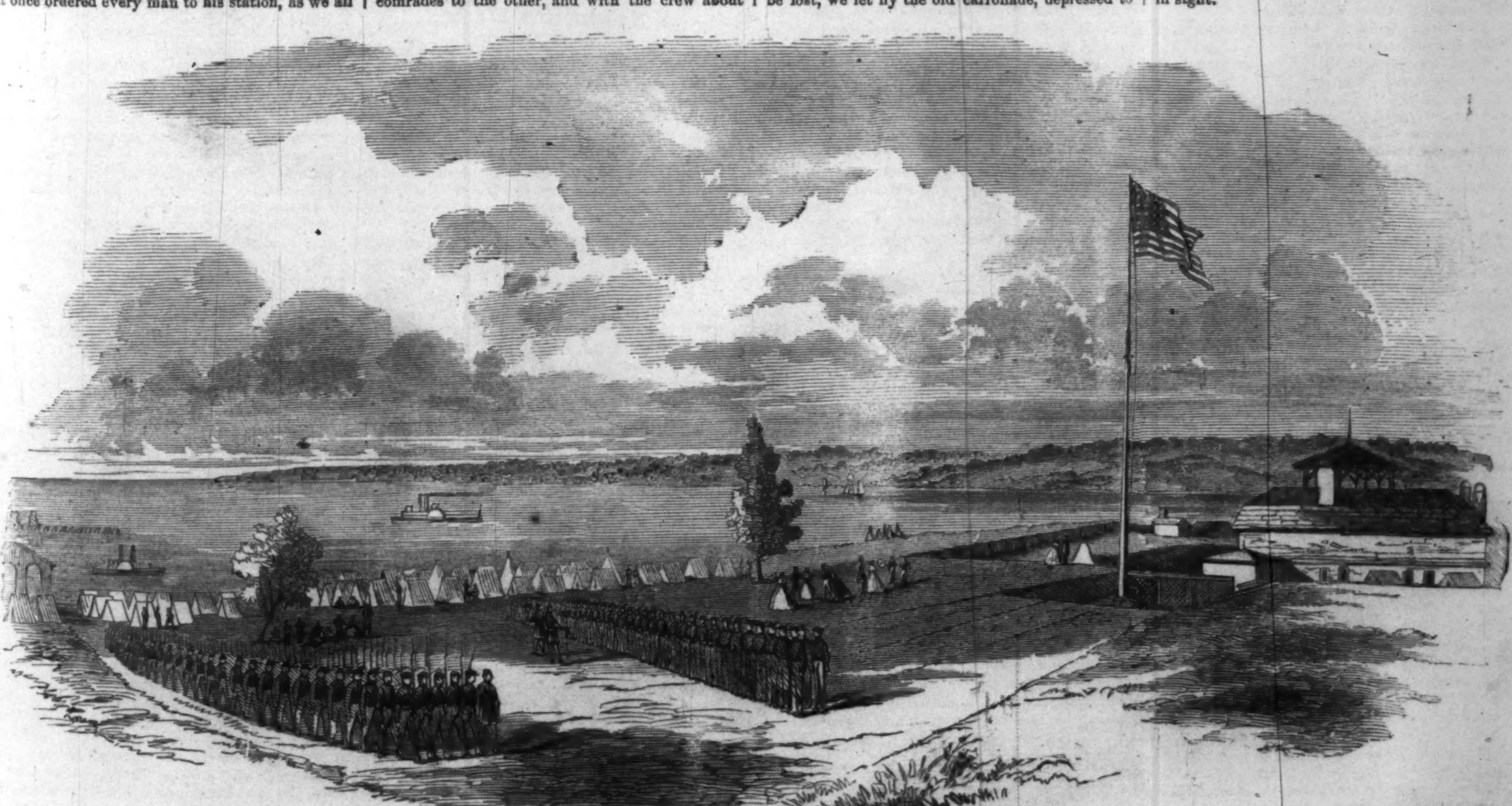
I was standing on the lee-quarter, watching what progress our ship was making, when I distinctly heard a sound that sent my blood tingling to my very extremities, and almost paralyzed me. *Muffled oars!* from one, two, three different points! Merciful God protect us! Silence was useless now, so I sprung among the crew, and shouting at the top of my voice, "Men, to your stations; the enemy's boats are alongside!" I rushed to the gun on the larboard-side, and hurried old Joe and his comrades to the other, and with the crew about equally divided between us, we silently awaited the attack, each of us being armed with a couple of cannon-balls in our hands. We had not long to wait, for, finding by the bustle on board that they were discovered, the pirates, with a yell, pulled boldly under the main channels, and in an instant were swarming up the ship's side. In another moment the savages would have been among us, but shouting to my men, "Let them have it, boys!" I hurled the heavy balls with all my strength into the boat, and prepared to defend myself with my sword. But the avalanche of cold iron had done its work, and the boat alongside was a mass of shattered timbers, with her ruffian crew already beaten down and struggling with the waters for their lives, except two fellows who were now in the rigging; a blow from my trusty sword disposed of one wretch, while a shot from one of our crew gave his quietus to the other.

Hearing a struggle on the starboard-side of the deck, I rushed over with my division, and I soon found we had enough and to spare still on our hands.

Old Joe and his party had given the other two boats much the same reception that *our* enemy had received, but not with such complete and smashing effect, for one of them appeared to have escaped damage altogether, and the other was only partially submerged, though fast sinking. The din of battle and the flash of small-arms were raging around us; so, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, we let fly the old carronade, depressed to the utmost, at the uninjured boat, which, from the cries and yells that succeeded the report, appeared to be so no longer. But in the mean time several of the pirates had succeeded in gaining the deck, and the darkness prevented our seeing the full extent of our danger; so retreating to the undischarged gun, we ran it in as quickly as possible, and slewed it round on to the ship's deck; we then threw a ball of blazing tow among the panic-stricken pirates, and gave them the contents of the old gun at only a few yards' distance, tearing our own bulwarks to pieces, but effectually exterminating the savages who had gained the deck.

Finding, on examination, that we were completely victorious, and sole masters of the deck, we had once more leisure to look around; and great was our joy and gratitude to God when we found that the brigantine had not herself followed up the attack; trusting, I suppose, to the number in the boats, and confident of success, she still remained in the same position as when darkness closed in, for I could distinguish her lights from her mast-head and main peak, intended as signals for the guidance of the pirates doomed never to return to her.

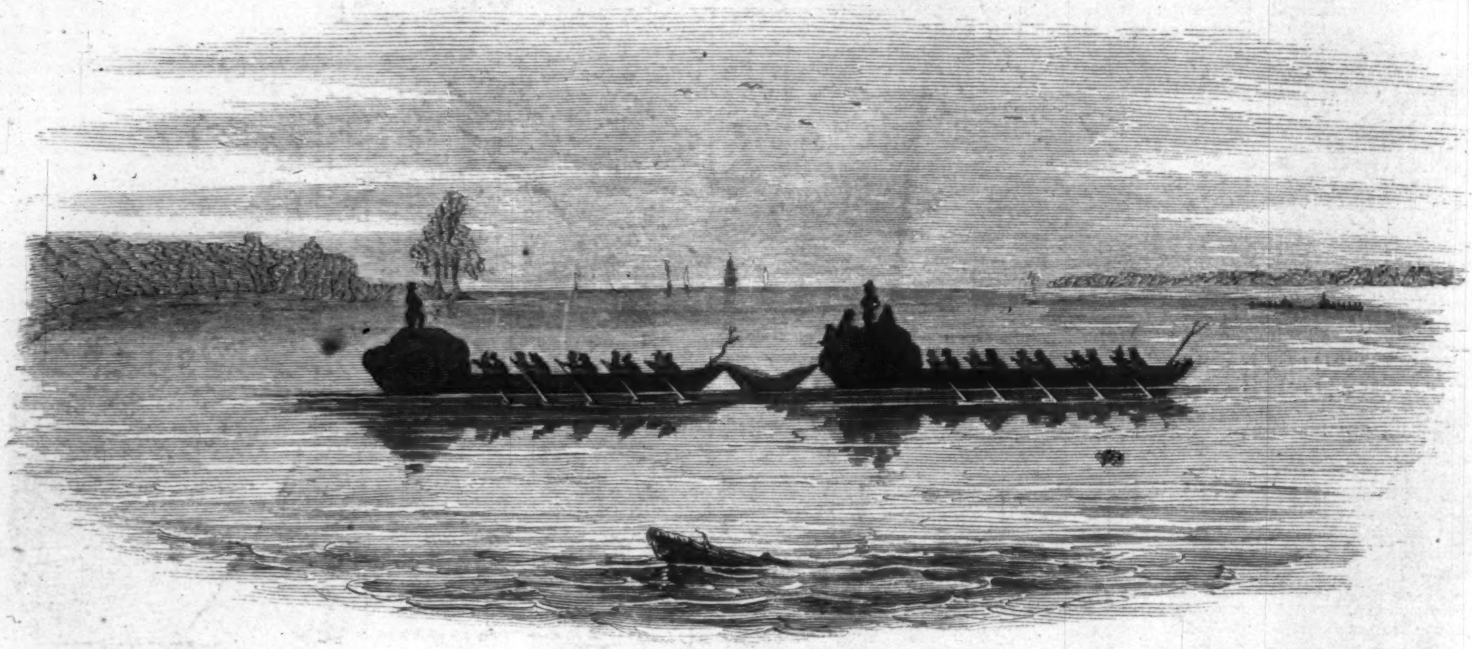
We dared not yet congratulate ourselves on being in safety, but squaring the yards we ran dead before the rapidly-increasing breeze for the rest of the night; but the morning broke dull and squally, and after one rapid glance around we came to the glorious certainty that our enemy was no longer in sight.



FORT PORTER, NEW YORK, WHERE THE SECOND BUFFALO REGIMENT IS QUARTERED.—SKETCHED BY A. R. BARTON.—[SEE PAGE 623.]

THE FISHERIES OF ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, NORTH CAROLINA.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



GOING OUT.

"THE principal productions of North Carolina are tar, pitch, and turpentine," say the Geographies. The products of the immense "Piny Woods" of the Old North State amount to no inconsiderable sum. According to the *Cyclopædia of Commerce* they amount to 4,000,000 barrels of turpentine, worth—when distilled, rectified, and converted into naval stores and oils—nearly $40,000,000. Of this amount very little is consumed at home, nine-tenths finding a market in the Commercial States. Now that North Carolina, unwillingly dragged into rebellion, finds her coast blockaded and her ports locked up by the occupation of HATTERAS and other forts commanding the inlets to Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and by gun-boats cruising in these waters, we apprehend that the turpentine trade must be at a stand-still, for who will make an article which can not be eaten, worn, or sold? North Carolina has every thing to lose and nothing to gain by rebellion.

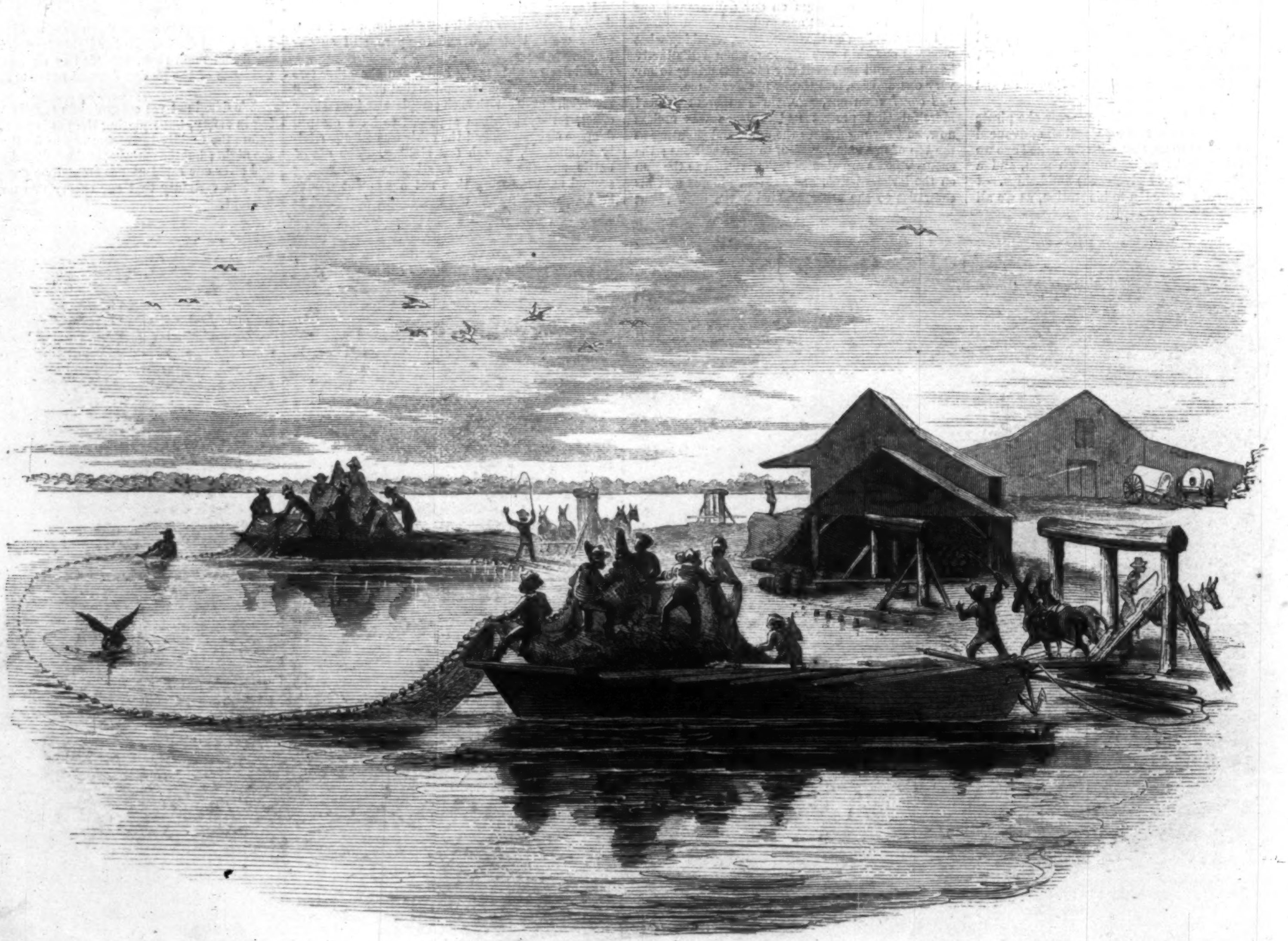
Among the minor resources of the State the shad and herring fisheries, carried on in the numerous bays and inlets of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, occupy no inconsiderable place. Every estate on these waters has its fishing shore, located where a line of smooth sand beach affords facilities for landing the fish, and fitted up with windlasses for hauling the seines, salting-houses, coopering-sheds, and offices. The movable outfit consists of a pair of heavy boats and the seine, with its corks and lines of almost incredible extent. At one of the beaches the seine used was twenty-seven hundred yards in length and twenty-four feet deep. This enormous length of netting is packed upon the stern platforms of two ten-oared boats, which are rowed out together to a point opposite the landing, about a mile distant. Here the boats separate, moving in opposite directions, and the seine is payed out as they row slowly toward their destined points—the seaward boat following a course down the stream and parallel to the beach; the landward boat curving in toward the upper end of the landing, thus heading the shoals of fish as they journey upward to their spawning grounds. The top line of the seine is buoyed with numerous corks; while the bottom, which is attached to the lead-line, sinks with its weight. When the seine is all payed out, heavy ropes, made fast to the staves securing either end, are carried in to the great four-mule windlasses at the extremities of the beach, from eight to twelve hundred yards apart. The aggregate length of the seine, with these ropes, is about two miles and a half. As the circumference of this vast sweep is diminished, lines are attached to inner windlasses of less power, until the centre pair, of one-mule power and not more than a hundred yards apart, are put in motion. The circle of the net has now become so small that the inclosed shoals may be seen leaping, swimming with their back fins out, and churning the water in their affrighted movements. Presently the mules are discharged, and all hands called to handle the ropes. Fifty stalwart men rush into the water, waist-deep. The captains shout and swear, the gulls and eagles scream, and dashing into the melée, audaciously snatch their share of the spoil.

A few minutes of heavy dragging and the flashing, wriggling mass is rolled upon the beach; a line of wide planks is hastily staked up behind, the net withdrawn, and the boatmen again put off cheerily to repeat the haul.

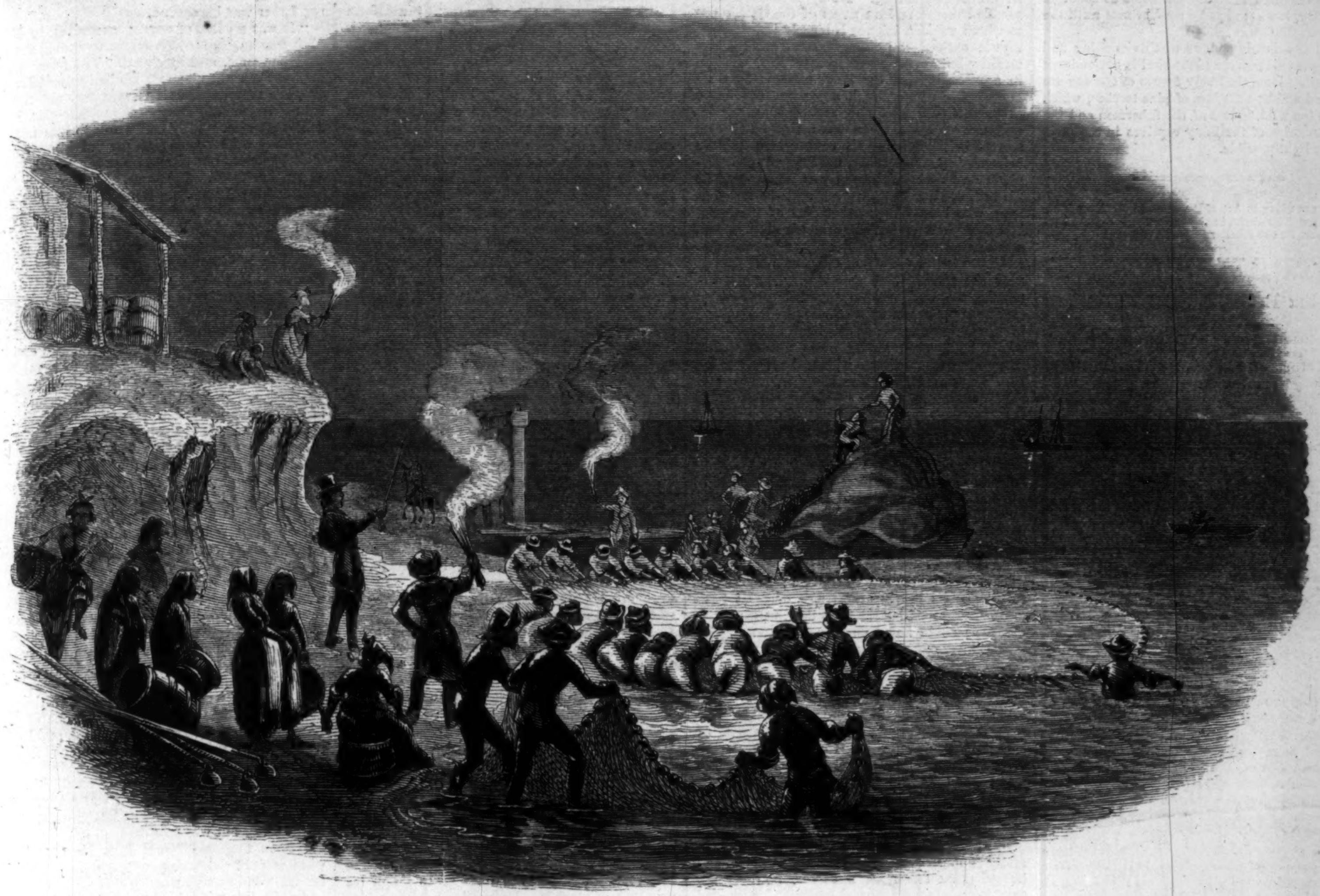
The women and boys now rush knee-deep into the gasping heap. The shad are first counted into baskets and carried to the packing-house; while the herring are headed, cleaned, and thrown into tubs, ready for the salters—all of which is transacted with merciless coolness and the most wonderful celerity.

It requires from five to seven hours to complete a haul; and as there is no respite by day or night, three and four hauls are made within the twenty-four hours. The only time allowed for eating and sleeping is during the odd hours snatched by the different classes of workers when their especial branch of service is suspended. When the hauls are not heavy the cleaners and salters have an easy time between landings. The boatmen sleep while the mules wind in the net; the mules browse and bray while the boats are out.

A first-class fishery employs from eighty to a hundred bipeds, and a dozen or twenty quadru-



HAULING THE SEINE.



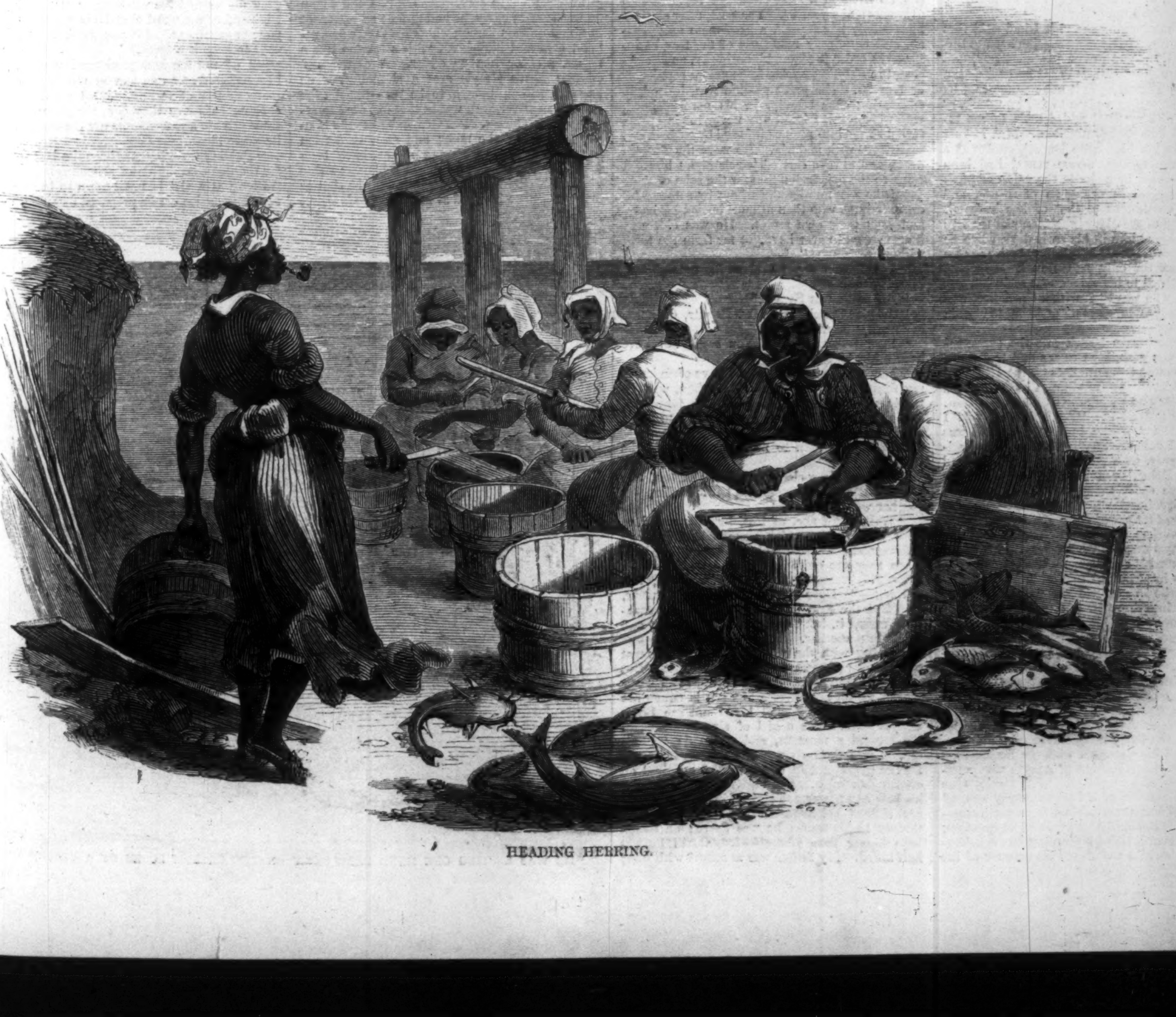
A NIGHT HAUL.

peds, and the labor during an active season of six weeks or two months is equal to that of a brisk military campaign in face of an enemy. Yet the free negroes of Chowan and the neighboring counties engage in it in preference to any other business; and although utterly indolent and worthless for other occupations, resort to the fishing beach as to an annual festival. The season on the Albemarle Sound lasts from about the 15th of March to the middle of May; and during that time the public mind is occupied with the subject to the exclusion even of politics.

It costs from five to ten thousand dollars to establish a fishery, and formerly the investment would often return cent. per cent., without counting the incidental advantages of salt-fish provision for an estate, and the enrichment of the land from the offal at the beaches. It was not uncommon to take a hundred thousand herrings, and sometimes as many as half a million, at a haul; at present a few hundred shad and five thousand herring are considered a good average. Thirty thousand was the largest number I saw taken at once.

Among the refuse fish the most common are sturgeon, rock-cats, trout, perch, mullet, gar, gizzard, shad, bug fish, hog-choke (or flounder), lampreys, and common eels. The four first-mentioned species are good for the table; the rest fit for nothing but manure.

The rock-fish (striped bass) taken here are very fine and very numerous. It is not uncommon to see them of over a hundred pounds' weight; and I was credibly informed that, some years ago, a fishery near Edenton took twenty thousand rock, of large average size, at a single haul. It was impossible to land such a mass at once; but after



HEADING HERRING.

drawing the great seine as near shore as could be done safely, it was swept by smaller nets until the miraculous draft was landed.

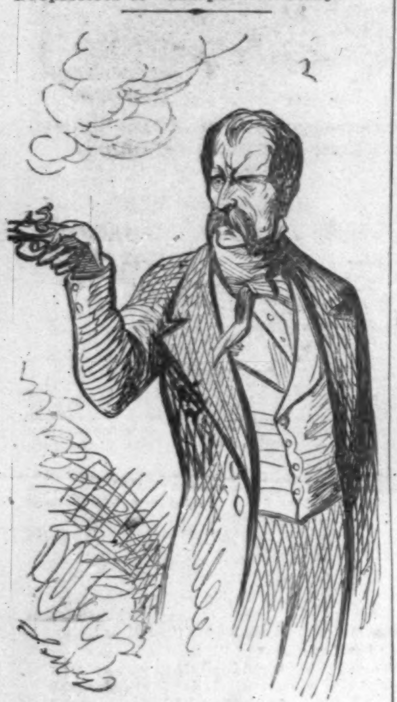
Of all the striking views of this exciting and picturesque business the night-haul is pre-eminent in interest. Here the lively scenes of the day are re-enacted amidst the glare of pine torches, which exhibits the wild figures of the fishermen and the death-struggles of the finny captives in the most dramatic light possible.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XXII.

THAT evening I went to Mrs. Poyntz's; it was one of her ordinary "reception nights," and I felt that she would naturally expect my attendance as "a proper attention."

I joined a group engaged in general conversation, of which Mrs. Poyntz herself made the centre, knitting, as usual, rapidly while she talked, slowly when she listened.

Without mentioning the visit I had paid that morning, I turned the conversation on the different country places in the neighborhood, and then incidentally asked, "What sort of a man is Sir Philip Derval? Is it not strange that he should suffer so fine a place to fall into decay?" The answers I received added little to the information I had already obtained. Mrs. Poyntz knew nothing of Sir Philip Derval, except as a man of large estates, whose rental had been greatly increased by a rise in the value of property he possessed in the town of L——, and which lay contiguous to that of her husband. Two or three of the older inhabitants of the Hill had remembered him in his early days, when he was gay, high-spirited, hospitable, lavish. One observed that the only person in L—— whom he had admitted to his subsequent seclusion was Dr. Lloyd, who was then without practice, and whom he had employed as an assistant in certain chemical experiments.

Here a gentleman struck into the conversation. He was a stranger to me and to L——, a visitor to one of the dwellers on the Hill, who had asked leave to present him to its Queen as a great traveler and an accomplished antiquarian.

Said this gentleman: "Sir Philip Derval! I know him. I met him in the East. He was then still, I believe, very fond of chemical science; a clever, odd, philanthropical man; had studied medicine, or at least practiced it; was said to have made many marvelous cures. I became acquainted with him in Aleppo. He had come to that town, not much frequented by English travelers, in order to inquire into the murder of two men, of whom one was his friend and the other his countryman."

"This is interesting," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly. "We who live on this innocent Hill all love stories of crime—murder is the pleasantest subject you could have hit on. Pray give us the details."

"So encouraged," said the traveler, good-humoredly, "I will not hesitate to communicate the little I know. In Aleppo there had lived for some years a man who was held by the natives in great reverence. He had the reputation of extraordinary wisdom, but was difficult of access; the lively imagination of the Orientals invested his character with the fascinations of fable; in short, Haroun of Aleppo was popularly considered a magician. Wild stories were told of his powers, of his preternatural age, of his hoarded treasures. Apart from such disputable titles to homage, there seemed no question, from all I heard, that his learning was considerable, his charities extensive, his manner of life irreproachably ascetic. He appears to have resembled those Arabian sages of the Gothic age to whom modern science is largely indebted—a mystic enthusiast but an earnest scholar. A wealthy but singular Englishman, long resident in another part of the East, afflicted by some languishing disease, took a journey to Aleppo to consult this sage, who, among his other acquirements, was held to have discovered rare secrets in medicine—his countrymen said in 'charms.' One morning, not long after the Englishman's arrival, Haroun was found dead in his bed, apparently strangled, and the Englishman, who lodged in another part of the town, had disappeared; but some of his clothes, and a crutch on which he habitually supported himself, were found a few miles distant from Aleppo near the roadside. There appeared no doubt that he, too, had been murdered, but his corpse could not be discovered. Sir Philip Derval had been a loving disciple of this Sage of Aleppo, to whom he assured me he owed not only that knowledge of medicine which, by report, Sir Philip possessed, but the insight into various truths of nature, on the promulgation of which it was evident Sir Philip cherished the ambition to found a philosophical celebrity for himself."

"Of what description were those truths of nature?" I asked, somewhat sarcastically.

"Sir, I am unable to tell you, for Sir Philip did not inform me, nor did I much care to ask, for what may be revered as truths in Asia are usually despised as dreams in Europe. To return to my story. Sir Philip had been in Aleppo a little time before the murder; had left the Englishman under the care of Haroun; he returned to Aleppo on hearing the tragic events I have related, and was busied in collecting such evidence as could be gleaned, and instituting inquiries after our missing countryman at the time that I myself chanced to arrive in the city. I assisted in his researches, but without avail. The assassins remained undiscovered. I do not myself doubt that they were mere vulgar robbers. Sir Philip had a darker suspicion, of which he made no secret to me, but as I confess that I thought the suspicion groundless, you will pardon me if I do not repeat it. Whether, since I left the East, the Englishman's remains have been discovered, I know not. Very probably; for I understand that his heirs have got hold of what fortune he left, less than was generally supposed, but it was reported that he had buried great treasures, a rumor, however absurd, not altogether inconsistent with his reputed character."

"What was his character, and what was his name?" asked Mrs. Poyntz.

"His character was of sinister repute. He was regarded with terror by the attendants who had accompanied him to Aleppo. But he had lived in a very remote part of the East, little known to Europeans, and, from all I could learn, had there established an extraordinary power, strengthened by superstitious awe. He was said to have studied deeply that knowledge which the philosophers of old called 'occult,' not, like the sage of Aleppo, for benevolent, but for malignant ends. He was accused of conferring with evil spirits, and filling his barbaric court (for he lived in a kind of savage royalty) with charmers and sorcerers. I suspect, after all, that he was only like myself, a passionate antiquarian, and cunningly made use of the fear he inspired in order to secure his authority, and prosecute, in safety, researches into ancient sepulchres or temples. His great passion was, indeed, in excavating such remains in his neighborhood, with what result I know not, never having penetrated so far into regions infested by robbers and pestiferous with malaria. He wore the Eastern dress, and always carried jewels about him. I came to the conclusion that for the sake of these jewels he was murdered, perhaps by some of his own servants, who then at once buried his body, and kept their own secret. He was old, very infirm; could never have got far from the town without assistance."

"You have not yet told us his name," said Mrs. Poyntz.

"His name was Grayle."

"Grayle!" exclaimed Mrs. Poyntz, dropping her work, "Louis Grayle?"

"Yes; Louis Grayle. You could not have known him?"

"Known him! No. But I have often heard my father speak of him. Such, then, was the tragic end of that strong dark creature, for whom, as a young girl in the nursery, I used to feel a kind of fearful admiring interest!"

"It is your turn to narrate now," said the traveler.

And we all drew closer round our hostess, who remained silent some moments, her brow thoughtful, her work suspended.

"Well," said she, at last, looking round us with a lofty air, which seemed half defying; "force and courage are always fascinating, even when they are quite in the wrong. I go with the world, because the world goes with me; if it did not—" Here she stopped for a moment, clenched the firm white hand, and then scornfully waved it, left the sentence unfinished, and broke into another.

"Going with the world, of course we must march over those who stand against it. But when one man stands single-handed against our march we do not despise him; it is enough to crush. I am very glad I did not see Louis Grayle when I was a girl of sixteen." Again she paused a moment, and resumed: "Louis Grayle was the only son of a usurer, infamous for the rapacity with which he had acquired an enormous wealth. Old Grayle desired to rear his heir as a gentleman; sent him to Eton; boys are always aristocratic. His birth was soon thrown in his teeth; he was fierce; he struck boys bigger than himself—fought till he was half killed. My father was at school with him; described him as a tiger whelp. One day he—still a fag—struck a sixth-form boy. Sixth-form boys do not fight fags—they punish them. Louis Grayle was ordered to hold out his hand to the cane; he received the blow, drew forth his school-boy knife, and stabbed the punisher. After that he left Eton. I don't think he was publicly expelled—too mere a child for that honor—but he was taken or sent away; educated with great care under the first masters at home: when he was of age to enter the University old Grayle was dead. He was sent by his guardians to Cambridge, with acquirements far exceeding the average of young men, and with unlimited command of money. My father was at the same college, and described him again—haughty, quarrelsome, reckless, handsome, aspiring, brave. Does that kind of creature interest you, my dears?" (appealing to the ladies.)

"La!" said Miss Brabazon; "a horrid usurer's son!"

"Ay, true; the vulgar proverb says it is good to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth; so it is when one has one's own family crest on it; but when it is a spoon on which people recognize their family crest, and cry out, 'Stolen from our plate-chest!' it is a heritage that outlaws a babe in his cradle. However, young men at college who want money are less scrupulous about descent than boys at Eton are. Louis Grayle found, while at college, plenty of well-born acquaintances willing to recover from him some of the plunder his father had extorted from theirs. He was too wild to distinguish himself by academical honors, but my father said that the tutors of the college declared there were not six undergraduates in the university who knew as much hard and dry science as wild Louis Grayle. He went into the world, no doubt, hoping to shine; but his father's name was too notorious to admit the son into good society. The polite world is not very fastidious, and is very indulgent to wealth; still, when the polite world looks out of its club windows, and sees the son of a man who has pillaged its purse and seized its acres stalk by with an insolent crest, the polite world is revolted. In short, Louis Grayle claimed the right to be courted—he was shunned; to be admired—he was loathed. Even his old college acquaintances were shamed out of knowing him. Perhaps he could have lived through all this had he sought to glide quietly into position; but he wanted the tact of the well-bred, and strove to storm his way, not to steal it. Reduced for companions to needy parasites, he braved and he shocked all decorous opinion by that ostentation of excess which made Richelieus and Lauzuns the rage. But then Richelieus and Lauzuns were dukes! He now very naturally took the polite world into hate—gave it scorn for scorn. He would ally himself with Democracy; his wealth could not get him into a club, but it would buy him into parliament; he could not be a Lauzun, nor, perhaps, a Mirabeau; but he might be a Danton. He had plenty of knowledge and audacity, and with knowledge and audacity a good hater is sure to be eloquent. Possibly, then, this poor Louis Grayle might have made a great figure, left his mark on his age and his name in history; but in contesting the borough which he was sure to carry, he had to face an opponent in a real fine gentleman whom his father had ruined, cool and high-bred, with a tongue like a rapier, a sneer like an adder. A quarrel, of course; Louis Grayle sent a challenge. The fine gentleman, known to be no coward (fine gentlemen never are), was at first disposed to refuse with contempt. But Grayle had made himself the idol of the mob; and at a word from Grayle the fine gentleman might have been ducked at a pump, or tossed in a blanket—that would have made him ridiculous—to be shot at is a trifle, to be laughed at is serious. He therefore condescended to accept the challenge, and my father was his second.

"It was settled, of course, according to English custom, that both combatants should fire at the same time, and by signal. The antagonist fired at the right moment, his ball grazed Louis Grayle's temple. Louis Grayle had not fired. He now seemed to the seconds to take slow and deliberate aim. They called out to him not to fire—they were rushing to prevent him—when the trigger was pulled and his opponent fell dead on the field. The fight was, therefore, considered unfair; Louis Grayle was tried for his life; he did not stand the trial in person. He escaped to the Continent; hurried on to some distant uncivilized lands; could not be traced; reappeared in England no more. The lawyer who conducted his defense pleaded skillfully. He argued that the delay in firing was not intentional, therefore not criminal—the effect of the stun which the wound in the temple had occasioned. The judge was a gentleman, and summed up the evidence so as to direct the jury to a verdict against the low wretch who had murdered a gentleman. But the jurors were not composed of gentlemen, and Grayle's advocate had of course excited their sympathy for a son of the people whom a gentleman had wantonly insulted—the verdict was manslaughter. But the sentence emphatically marked the aggravated nature of the homicide—three years' imprisonment. Grayle eluded the prison, but he was a man disgraced and an exile; his ambition blasted, his career an outlaw's, and his age not yet twenty-three. My father said that he was supposed to have changed his name; none knew what had become of him. And so in his old age this creature, brilliant and daring, whom if born under better auspices we might now be all fawning on, cringing to—after living to old age, no one knows how—dies, murdered at Aleppo, no one, you say, knows by whom."

"I saw some account of his death in the papers, about three years ago," said one of the party, "but the name was misspelled, and I had no idea that it was the same man who had fought the duel which Mrs. Colonel Poyntz had so graphically described. I have a vague recollection of the trial; it took place when I was a boy, more than forty years since. The affair made a stir at the time, but was soon forgotten."

"Soon forgotten," said Mrs. Poyntz; "ay, what is not? Leave your place in the world for ten minutes, and when you come back somebody else has taken it; but when you leave the world for good who remembers that you had ever a place even in the parish register!"

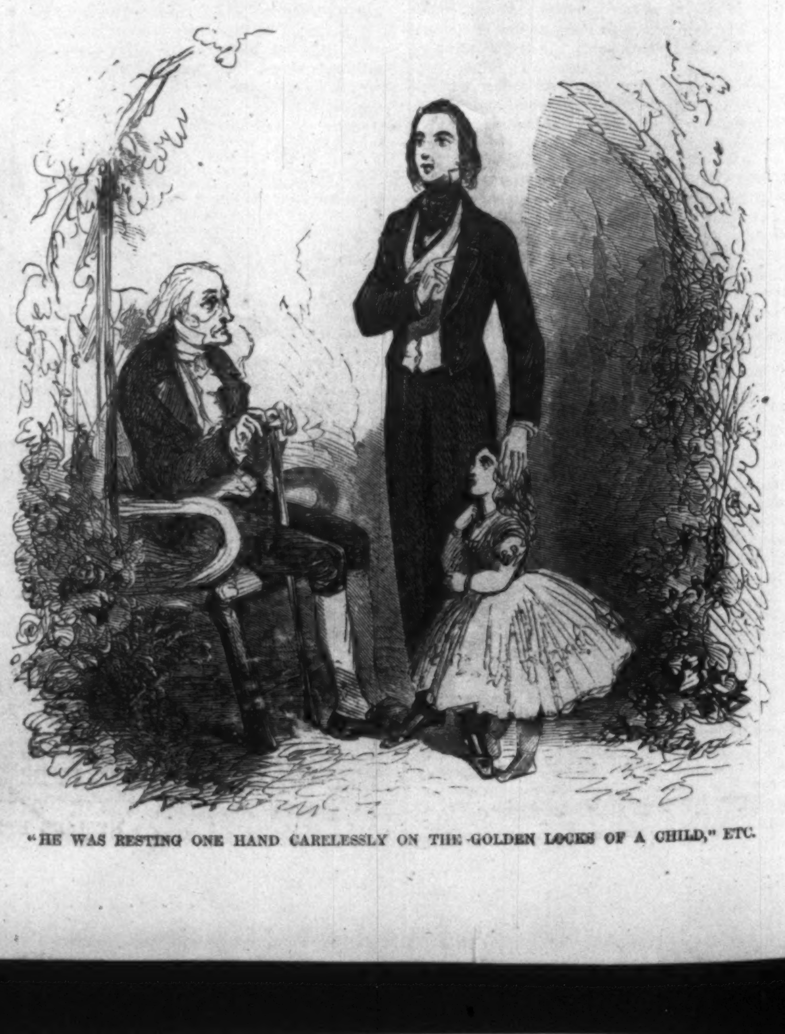
"Nevertheless," said I, "a great poet has said, finely and truly,

> "'The sun of Homer shines upon us still.'"

"But it does not shine upon Homer; and learned folks tell me that we know no more who and what Homer was, if there was ever a single Homer at all, or rather a whole herd of Homers, than we know about the man in the moon—if there be one man there, or a million. Now, my dear Miss Brabazon, it will be very kind in you to divert our thoughts into channels less gloomy. Some pretty French air— Dr. Fenwick, I have something to say to you." She drew me toward the window. "So, Anne Ashleigh writes me word that I am not to mention your engagement. Do you think it quite prudent to keep it a secret?"

"I do not see how prudence is concerned in keeping it secret one way or the other—it is a mere matter of feeling. Most people wish to abridge, as far as they can, the time in which their private arrangements are the topic of public gossip."

"Public gossip is sometimes the best security for the due completion of private arrangements. As long as a girl is not known to be engaged, her betrothed must be prepared for rivals. An-



"HE WAS RESTING ONE HAND CARELESSLY ON THE GOLDEN LOCKS OF A CHILD," ETC.

nounce the engagement and rivals are warned off."

"I fear no rivals."

"Do you not? Bold man! I suppose you will write to Lilian?"

"Certainly."

"Do so, and constantly. By-the-way, Mrs. Ashleigh, before she went, asked me to send her back Lady Haughton's letter of invitation. What for? to show to you?"

"Very likely. Have you the letter still? May I see it?"

"Not just at present. When Lilian or Mrs. Ashleigh write to you, come and tell me how they like their visit, and what other guests form the party."

Therewith she turned away and conversed apart with the traveler.

Her words disquieted me, and I felt that they were meant to do so. Wherefore, I could not guess. But there is no language on earth which has more words with a double meaning than that spoken by the clever woman, who is never so guarded as when she appears to be frank.

As I walked home thoughtfully I was accosted by a young man, the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the town. I had attended him with success, some months before, in a rheumatic fever; he and his family were much attached to me.

"Ah, my dear Fenwick, I am so glad to see you; I owe you an obligation of which you are not aware—an exceedingly pleasant traveling companion. I came with him to-day from London, where I have been sight-seeing and holiday-making for the last fortnight."

"I suppose you mean that you kindly bring me a patient?"

"No, only an admirer. I was staying at Fenton's Hotel. It so happened one day that I had left in the coffee-room your last work on the Vital Principle, which, by-the-by, the bookseller assured me was selling immensely among readers as non-professional as myself. Coming into the coffee-room again I found a gentleman reading it. I claimed it politely; he as politely tendered his excuse for taking it. We made acquaintance on the spot. The next day we were intimate. He expressed great interest and curiosity about your theory and your experiments. I told him I knew you. You may guess if I described you as less clever in your practice than you are in your writings. And, in short, he came with me to L——, partly to see our flourishing town, principally on my promise to introduce him to you. My mother, you know, has what she calls a *déjeuner* to-morrow; *déjeuner* and dance. You will be there?"

"Thank you for reminding me of her invitation. I will avail myself of it if I can. Your new friend will be present? Who and what is he? A medical student?"

"No, a mere gentleman at ease; but seems to have a good deal of general information. Very young; apparently very rich; wonderfully good-looking. I am sure you will like him; every body must."

"It is quite enough to prepare me to like him, that he is a friend of yours." And so we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was late in the afternoon of the following day before I was able to join the party assembled at the merchant's house; it was a villa about two miles out of the town, pleasantly situated, amidst flower-gardens celebrated in the neighborhood for their beauty. The breakfast had been long over; the company was scattered over the lawn; some formed into a dance on the smooth lawn; some seated under shady awnings; others gliding amidst parterres, in which all the glow of color took a glory yet more vivid under the flush of a brilliant sunshine, and the ripple of a soft western breeze. Music, loud and lively, mingled with the laughter of happy children, who formed much the larger number of the party.

Standing at the entrance of an arched trellis, that led from the hardier flowers of the lawn to a rare collection of tropical plants under a lofty glass dome (connecting, as it were, the familiar vegetation of the North with that of the remotest East), was a form that instantaneously caught and fixed my gaze. The entrance of the arcade was covered with parasite creepers in prodigal luxuriance, of variegated gorgeous tints—scarlet, golden, purple—and the form, an idealized picture of man's youth fresh from the hand of Nature, stood literally in a frame of blooms. Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's.

There was in the aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no faultless regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing—about the middle height. But the effect of the whole was not less transcendent. Large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a most harmonious coloring; an expression of contagious animation and joyousness; and the form itself so critically fine that the welded strength of its sinews was best shown in the lightness and grace of its movements.

He was resting one hand carelessly on the golden locks of a child that had nestled itself against his knees, and was looking up in his face in that silent loving wonder with which children regard something too strangely beautiful for noisy admiration; he himself was conversing with the host, an old gray-haired, gouty man, propped on his crutch-stick, and listening with a look of mournful envy. To the wealth of the old man all the flowers in that garden owed their renewed delight in the summer air and sun. Oh that his wealth could renew to himself one hour of the youth that stood beside him, lord, indeed, of Creation; its splendor woven into his crown of beauty, its enjoyments subject to his sceptre of hope and gladness!

I was startled by the hearty voice of the merchant's son: "Ah, my dear Fenwick, I was afraid you would not come—you are late. There is the new friend of whom I spoke to you last night; let me now make you acquainted with him." He drew my arm in his and led me up to the young man, where he stood under the arching flowers, and whom he then introduced to me by the name of Margrave.

Nothing could be more frankly cordial than Mr. Margrave's manner. In a few minutes I found myself conversing with him with familiar ease, as if we had been reared in the same home, and sported together in the same play-ground. His vein of talk was peculiar, off hand, careless, shifting from topic to topic, with a bright rapidity.

He said that he liked the place; proposed to stay in it some weeks; asked my address, which I gave to him; promised to call soon at an early hour, while my time was yet free from professional visits. I endeavored, when I went away, to analyze to myself the fascination which this young stranger so notably exercised over all who approached him; and it seemed to me, ever seeking to find material causes for all moral effects, that it arose from the contagious vitality of that rarest of all rare gifts in highly civilized circles—perfect health; that health which is in itself the most exquisite luxury, which, finding happiness in the mere sense of existence, diffuses round it, like an atmosphere, the harmless hilarity of its bright animal being. Health, to the utmost perfection, is seldom known after childhood; health to the utmost can not be enjoyed by those who overwork the brain, or admit the sure wear and tear of the passions. The creature I had just seen gave me the notion of youth in the golden age of the poets—the youth of the careless Arcadian, before nymph or shepherdess had vexed his heart with a sigh.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

BEAT! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a force of armed men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace plowing his field or gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators. Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—and bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties. Recruit! recruit!
Make the very trestles shake under the dead, where they lie in their shrouds awaiting the hearses.
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

FORT PORTER.

ON page 619 we publish, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Barton, a View of FORT PORTER, showing a part of Lake Erie on the left, Niagara River, and the Canada shore. The following description of the work we condense from a Buffalo paper:

About the year 1839 surveys were begun for barracks and defensive works at this point.

In 1839, by order of Chief-Engineer Colonel J. G. Totten, now Brevet Brigadier-General and Colonel of Engineers, propositions for the purchase of the property upon which the fort is constructed were published, and in the following year the site was finally located, the contracts for the work issued, and the work began in 1841.

The work, in the Government catalogue, is set down as a block-house, or redoubt, and occupied three years in construction, being finished in 1844. The original plans intended the construction of a fortification on the south side of the creek, and the Government now owns some thirty-five acres of land, near the pier, for the purpose. The fort is formed by a glacis and breast-work, the latter 300 feet in diameter, in which is the ditch, counter-scarp, and block-house.

The exterior battery is arranged with traverse circles and pintle blocks complete for 28 guns, and the terra plane upon the block-house is similarly arranged for four barbette guns. The armament has a sweep of fire of about 110 degrees.

The block-house is situated in a square excavation, or ditch as it is technically styled in fortification, and is 62 feet square and about 70 feet in height. It is bomb-proof, with one tier of casemates over the kitchens and barracks, above which is an earth-work many feet in depth, with one stratum of 1000 barrels of asphaltum and mineral tar, and a breast-work, about five feet high, on to the terra plane, to protect the guns worked there. The height of the external breast-work from pintle block to crest of glacis is five feet nine inches. The distance from the outer work of the block-house to the crest of the glacis is 84 feet, with a plane inside of the breast-work and extending to the crest of the counter-scarp, about 30 feet in width.

The armament of the fort includes two kinds of gun-carriages, one for the embrasures, which are intended to receive a part of the carriages when traversed. These are upon the land side only. The others differ only in that there are no embrasures in the wall of the breast-work. The total armament of the fort consists of 28 guns for the exterior works, and four barbette guns. The latter are intended to be of the largest class.

The number of men required for an actual garrison is only 300, although about 1000 men could be employed within the breast-works for defense. At present the fort is without any armament, though there are a number of guns belonging to the Naval Department stored on the grounds. These guns were placed there about ten years ago. They number twenty 32-pounders, and ten 64-pound Columbiads, for either shot or shell. There is also stored at the fort 143 64-pound shells, 100 64-pound solid shot, and 2473 32-pound solid shot.

Fort Porter is now one of the recruiting stations in the northern part of the State. Some 700 men are encamped there, mostly of the 2d Buffalo regiment.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

WE illustrate on page 612 one of the most shocking occurrences we ever heard of—the burning of several ballet girls at the Continental Theatre, in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the story:

PHILADELPHIA, *September* 15, 1861.

An unfortunate accident occurred at the Continental Theatre, in Walnut Street, on Saturday night, by which the building was for a time imperiled, and a number of dancing girls so badly burned that some have since died. The theatre had been leased by William Wheatley, an old Philadelphia actor, whose long association with John Drew and J. S. Clarke, at the Arch Street Theatre, made him known among the profession throughout the country. Being succeeded in the management of the Arch by Mrs. Drew, Wheatley leased and refitted the "Continental" (formerly General Welch's National Circus), and produced the "Tempest" on Monday night in splendid style. Randall, formerly of Covent Garden, London, prepared the machinery, and an immense ballet corps was engaged to represent the abode of Ariel and other show-scenes.

On Saturday night more than fifteen hundred people were present. The first act had gone forward uninterruptedly, and the dancers were busily preparing in the dressing-room to appear in the ballet at the opening of act second. Prospero (Wheatley) was about retiring from the stage, when the audience perceived several men, apparently stage carpenters, running backward and forward in their shirt-sleeves. Directly those adjacent to the stage saw a young lady, all on fire, run hurriedly to the side scenes, and at the same time a succession of piercing screams from imperceptible localities disturbed the repose of the audience, and brought half the people to their feet. The cry of "fire" was started from the galleries, and the flitting lights and confusion upon the stage left no doubt that some awful actuality was transpiring. Manager Wheatley directed the people to be quieted while he retired to learn the extent of the accident.

It appears that Miss Cecilia Gale, one of four talented and handsome sisters, was about robing herself in ballet costume. She stood upon a settee to reach her dress, and somehow flirted it into a jet of gas, when it was instantly ignited. Before the young lady could recover from her fright her clothing was all ablaze, and her sisters and several of the ballet girls from an adjoining dressing-room, rushing up to assist her, were in turn set on fire. About a dozen of these helpless girls were thus burning at once, and the fire ran over their gauze and among their underclothes, making fast to the close leggins or "tights," and literally burning to the bone. Their screams were thrilling, and no scene of horrors that the stage ever witnessed may be compared to the terrible picture behind the scenes, where the fire from the burning dresses blazed up to the ceiling, and singed the lashes and hair of the affrighted women.

Miss Cecilia Gale, writhing and still in flames, darted down the stairs as stated, and was caught by Mr. Bayard, a stage carpenter, who at once tore up the sea cloth, a sheet of canvas used to make waves, and wrapped it around her. He was much burned while doing this. The young lady was removed to the hospital soon afterward.

Several girls leaped into the street through the second story windows.

The scene in the rear of the theatre, on Samson Street, was most piteous and agonizing in its character. Half-dressed ballet girls ran up and down, and poor women, whose daughters took part in the processions and show-scenes, were screaming their names amidst confused sobbing, execration, and fear. Carriages and cabs were driven up and down, and as each sufferer was placed upon the cushions and taken away, the crowd pressed up and touched her sores. A number of petty taverns on Samson Street were thrown open to the sufferers, and a few were so badly burned that they have not since been removed. There was a great deal of delay before help could be obtained; but after a time physicians and lotions were summoned. Some of the burned were taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and others to their homes in remote parts of the town.

OUR WAR MAPS, VIEWS, and PORTRAITS—Colored.

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